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Tightwire Publications



1991

CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY



MAY 6 1991

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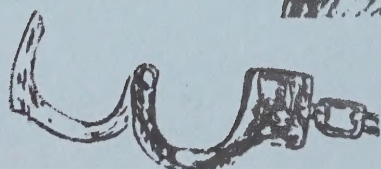
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ITS NOT THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PRISON FOR WOMEN THAT MAKES IT AN EVIL,
MEDIVAL CASTLE BUT THE EVIL MINDED PEOPLE THAT WORK WITHIN ITS WALLS.

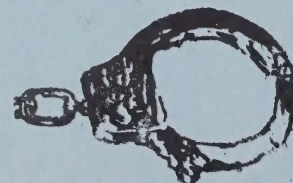
OPPRESSED WOMEN RISING UP TO RESIST = VIOLENCE AND RIOTOUS



DEVIENT CSC STAFF OPPRESSING WOMEN = CONTAINE AND CONTROL



BREAK THE PATTERN OF ABUSE





EDITORS: THERASA ANN GLAREMIN
BLUE FOLEY

IN APPRECIATION TO SISTERS IN POPULATION FOR PRINTING & ASSEMBLY

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		WHIG STANDARD

TIGHTWIRE is a quarterly publication by the federal Prisoners at the Prison For Women in Kingston, Ontario, Canada. All material is subject to censorship by the Administration prior to printing.....

OVER 90% OF CONTENT WITHIN THIS PUBLICATION TOGETHER WITH ALL TYPESETTING LAYOUT AND DESIGN WORK INCLUDING THE PRINTING IS DONE WITHIN THE WALLS OF PW BY THE POPULATION

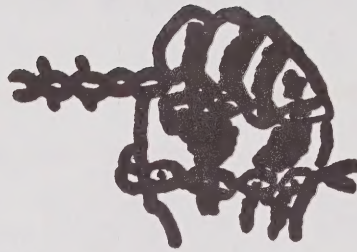
EDITORIAL

Happy New Year to all! The year 1991 brings freedom. I pray for strenght for all our Brothers and Sisters that are over in the Gulf fighting the War. Coming back to Editorship after 8 yrs, is the only reason I have for the chatotic manner in which my first issue will be put together. "Be Patient!"

I want to thank everyone for their help in getting it underway with special thanks to my Co-Editor Thersa Ann I know I've turned this office upside down.

I'm hoping to touch on issues in this paper which are important, and that we'll get some needed feedback from our readers.

I started out in this issue to dedicate a small portion to Patrice and the war against Aids. But it doesn't seem this is a small issue, the more I found on the subject, the more I needed to know. The basic facts about Aids is not the end of it. The segregation from society, appauling rejection and isolation of people with this illness and the reality of suffering mentally and physically they have to withstand. I could write this issue and the next two on the effects Aids has had in our



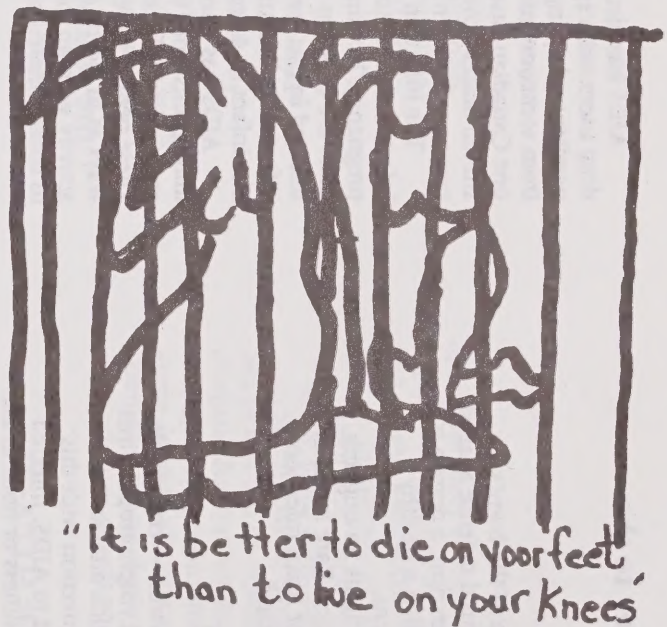
society. But I had to condense this massive issue and I hope I've come across effectively and informative.

We've touched on the Wife Battering Syndrome and the victories in court that has given recognision to abuse and the need to bring it out of the kitchen and into the public eye. As a woman I could go on about the suppression we've had to withstand, but I realize we're not the only victoms, men and children all of us have the right to be treated with respect. I'm glad to see people in the court system recognizing the past suppression, abuse and neglect, instead of labelling all acts out of norms "crimes." How can the system incarcerate people that are victoms and outrageously label them a danger to society. What the hell type of rehabilitation can you offer to someone who has been oppressed and abused so violently they had to finally strike out. Then the system cages them once again taking

away their self respect and leaving them powerless. I hope, with the recognition of the Wife Battering Syndrome, that we are making a step to realize the only answer to heal is to abolish prisons! Now that one small issue is being looked at with eyes's open, the should reevaluate the definitions of crime and who the criminal is? Condemning those who comit violence, because they have suffered violence themselves can hardly be expected to reduce the amount of violence we all experience. There is no proof that the caging of human beings, has the slightest beneficial effect, yet the government goes on to build bigger more cofining ,more dehumanizing prisons. The new design for Florence in Colorado only shows the igorance and incompassion of the ruling class. There are five new prisons being built in Canada , it terrifies me to think of the inpacit it will have on women. Are they going to be a low budget efficient government project , where they are actually isolating the women more than giving family and community contact? The allotted amount, 50 million provided is insuffient to build 5 prisons, when contruction cost to reconstruct two teirs at Kingston Pen. is 42.5 million. So what will happen? Is it only

talk, of expanding vocationall, educational and counselling programs? Is there enough consideration going into creating an enviroment, which will install the process of rehabilitation and healing with women, or are seperating and concering the already fought for progression? Creating a larger system to house morewomen, that'll have to start from the bottom fighting for Federal rights. Is this a process to help create a more responsible society, or a Government Window Dressing????? These are questions we as Federal Prisoners are asking, are they the planners?

In Solidarity & Spirit,
Blue & Therasa Ann
Tightwire Editors



Prevention is the key to the control of AIDS.

What is AIDS?

AIDS is a breakdown of the body's immune system — its natural defense against disease. Without this protection, a person is vulnerable to illnesses which a healthy immune system can prevent.

A person with AIDS fights an ongoing battle against many illnesses. Rare forms of pneumonia, skin cancer or brain infection may occur and are often fatal.

What causes AIDS?

AIDS is caused by a virus — commonly called the Human T-Cell Lymphotropic Virus Type III (HTLV-III) — which attacks the body's immune system. Infection with this virus does not always lead to AIDS. Infected persons may have a mild illness or none at all. As yet, it is not known why some people become ill and others do not. The amount of virus, as well as infection by other viruses, may influence the development of AIDS.

Who gets AIDS?

Most persons with AIDS have been exposed to the virus through sexual intercourse with infected individuals. In Canada, AIDS has occurred primarily among homosexual or bisexual men. Over three-quarters of reported cases of AIDS belong to this group. The infection can also be transmitted sexually from men to women and women to men. Two per cent of Canadian cases have acquired the infection in this way.

AIDS has occurred in a small number of people who have received blood product therapy or blood transfusions that have come from donors who are infected with the virus. This represents three per cent of Canadian cases of AIDS.

AIDS has also occurred in intravenous drug users, who spread the virus by sharing needles and syringes contaminated with blood from someone infected with the virus. Only one Canadian case has been reported. In the United States however, 17 per cent of AIDS cases are intravenous drug users.

The infection can be transmitted from an infected mother to her baby during pregnancy. In Canada four per cent of AIDS cases are children who most likely were infected in this way. Transmission of the infection in breastmilk has been reported in one infant in Australia.

AIDS has also occurred among recent immigrants from some areas in the Caribbean and Central Africa where AIDS is widespread. These people have been infected in the same ways as in North America — by sexual activity with an infected person or exposure to contaminated blood.

Is there any treatment for AIDS?

At this time there is no treatment which can repair the breakdown of the body's immune system. Treatments are available for many of the illnesses which develop because of the weakened immune system. However, AIDS is usually fatal. Most patients have died within three years. Researchers around the world are studying drugs which may combat the virus.

HTLV-III infection does not always lead to AIDS. Many persons have a mild illness or no symptoms at all. The questions and answers which follow provide current information on HTLV-III infection.

What are the symptoms of HTLV-III infection?

A person who has HTLV-III infection may feel completely well and have no symptoms. Some people develop some of the following symptoms: swelling of glands in the neck, armpits and groin, a thick white coating on the tongue or throat, unexplained weight loss, persistent diarrhea, a harsh dry cough, tiredness, fever, or night sweats. Remember: these symptoms often occur with other common illnesses unrelated to HTLV-III infection, which are easily treated. Do not assume you have AIDS if you have some of these symptoms — see a doctor! AIDS is diagnosed when HTLV-III infection causes a complete breakdown of the immune system and rare illnesses develop.

Is there a test for the virus (HTLV-III)?

At the present time, blood can routinely be tested only for "signs" of the virus. These "signs" are special blood components called "antibodies" which form in response to the virus. The blood test is available only at the request of a physician.

What does a positive HTLV-III antibody test mean?

If antibodies to HTLV-III are found in the blood, it means the person has been infected with this virus at some time. **This is NOT a test for AIDS.** A positive test result does NOT indicate whether or not the person will get AIDS at some time in the future. It does NOT mean the person is immune to the virus. It **DOES** mean that the person may have the virus in his/her body and could pass it to others.

What does a negative HTLV-III antibody test mean?

Usually it means that the person has not been infected with the virus.

Can an infected person pass the virus to others?

Yes, if the person has the virus in their body they may give it to someone else in one of these ways:

- through sexual intercourse
- by sharing blood — contaminated needles and syringes for injecting drugs or medication
- from mother to baby during pregnancy
- by donating blood, organs or sperm which are then given to others

How contagious is HTLV-III infection?

The virus cannot be spread through the air by coughing or sneezing. Physical contact that does not involve exchange of body fluids will not transmit the infection. This includes shaking hands, hugging, and kissing (without exchange of saliva). Insects do not spread the virus. It is not transmitted by swimming in the same pool, using the same toilet, using the same telephone, or sitting next to an infected person. Studies of household members of infected persons have shown that no one has contracted the infection except by sexual activity or transmission from mother to baby during pregnancy.

What can be done to prevent contracting HTLV-III infection?

People infected with the virus may seem completely healthy and may not even know they have it. Everyone should take precautions to protect themselves from becoming infected.

Do not have sex with many different people. The more partners you have, the greater the chance of having sex with someone who is infected.

Know your partner. Use condoms if there is any possibility your partner has been exposed to or is infected with HTLV-III. A history of intravenous drug-use or of many sexual partners increases the chance that a person may have been infected.

Do not share needles and syringes with anyone.

What can be done to prevent the spread of this infection?

If a person knows he/she is infected, precautions must be taken to prevent passing the virus on to another person.

Use condoms during sexual intercourse.

The proper use of condoms is likely to prevent infection with the virus carried in semen.

Do not have anal intercourse. It can cause sores or cuts in the rectum and the virus may get into the bloodstream through these breaks. If you do have anal intercourse, use a condom.

Oral sex may spread the infection if semen containing the virus comes in contact with open sores or cuts in the mouth.

Do not allow semen, blood, urine or feces to enter the body of a sexual partner.

Infected women should use a safe method of contraception to avoid pregnancy until more is known about the risks of transmission from mother to the baby.

Never share needles and syringes with anyone.

Do not donate blood, organs or sperm.

Can a person become infected by donating blood?

ABSOLUTELY NOT. There is no chance of getting the virus by donating blood to the Blood Transfusion Service of the Canadian Red Cross Society. All equipment used is sterile. Needles are new and used only for one donor. They are never re-used.

Can a person become infected with the virus by receiving a blood transfusion?

The risk is very low — much lower than the risk of not having a transfusion if required for medical reasons. The Blood Transfusion Service of the Canadian Red Cross Society is taking all possible precautions to protect the blood supply and prevent the spread of infection through blood transfusion. All donors are given information on AIDS and people who may be at risk of having the virus are asked not to donate blood. Since November 1985, all blood donations have been tested for signs of the virus (antibodies). If these are found, the blood is not used for transfusion.

Can the virus be spread by equipment used by doctors, dentists or optometrists?

There is no evidence to indicate that the virus is spread in this way. Sterilization techniques commonly used will kill the virus.

Can the virus be spread by equipment used for electrology, acupuncture, tattooing or ear piercing?

Not if correct sterilization techniques are used. The virus is destroyed by heat (soaking equipment at 56°C for 10 minutes) and by common household bleach solution (soaking for 10 minutes). Ask if new equipment is used for each client. If instruments are re-used, ask if they are properly sterilized after each client.

If you have more questions, contact the National Advisory Committee on AIDS, c/o Laboratory Centre for Disease Control AIDS Centre, Health and Welfare Canada, Ottawa, K1A 0L2. (Telephone (613) 993-7111)

The Kingston AIDS Project
P. O. Box 2154
Kingston, Ont, K7L 5J9
(613) 545-1414

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Prisoners and AIDS

For the prisoner with AIDS it is triple jeopardy because she or he might be completely isolated. The prisoner may have a shorter survival time, it is shocking, 1/2 is the usual survival rate... it is amazing there is not a public uproar. Prison Officials fail to admit there are dangerous practices that occur in prison. Safety measures need to be recognized and implemented. Advice of condoms, tattooing procedures, safe drug use should be dispensed just as the use of poison tylenol were. Another clear need is AIDS enlightenment to pre-release orientation.

Blue.....

HUMAN-TESTED AIDS VACCINE SAFE, STUDY SAYS

PHILADELPHIA-(AP)- The first AIDS vaccine to be tested on humans is safe, but its effectiveness has not been proved, researchers reported. The vaccine, VaxSyn, was injected into 36 healthy adult volunteers in 1988 at six hospitals as part of the U.S. AIDS Vaccine Clinical Trials Network.

All 36 showed some immune response, according to the report in today's Annual of Internal Medicine, published by the American College of Physicians.

"This is the first completed study of looking at the immune response and toxicity in humans" of an AIDS vaccine.

Written by Dr. R. Dolin
University of Rochester

A HEROINE'S PASSING

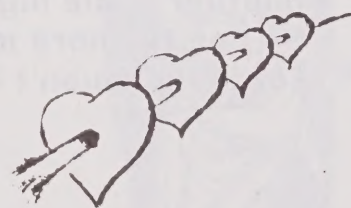
In ethereal winter beauty, towering ice berg forms of mountainous clouds filled the horizon over Lake Ontario. Cut into this splendor was a solitary plateau out of which was etched the image of a woman laid to rest. This distinct tableau was monumental in size, its magnificent, regal grandeur softened only by the delicate rose tones which swept the skies over her head. In every aspect, the majesty of this display provided a fitting ceremonial rite of passage for Patrice O'Donnell who died in Kingston on December 8, 1990.

I had known Patrice for several years. Initially, I was awed by her physical beauty and her extravagant sense of life and well-being. Later as she battled the many terrors brought to her life with the tragic diagnosis of Aids, my admiration deepened to an even greater respect for this remarkable woman. It became clear that Patrice's physical beauty was not only matched but surpassed by her valiant courage, her creativity and humour. Daily, often through painful tears, she fought back against the outrageous odds.

Despite the agonies of her illness, Patrice continued to reach within and beyond her own pain to help others. She offered her time and energy to assist the CBC to make a documentary film which brought awareness of Aids to the Canadian people. In the winter of '89, Patrice helped entertain visitors at the annual P4W party of Ongwanada residents. I still hold a vivid memory of Patrice carrying a severely disabled young man in her loving arms. Her strength had been waning but no hint of strain or fatigue showed as she gently "boggied" him around the gym.

In ways small and large, Patrice lived her life with a noble rich zest that blended her great humor with her love of life... both for herself and those around her. It is hard to let go of this Sister. Yet I believe that as the morning horizon was filled with a majestic, mystical tribute to this remarkable woman, so to our spirits will be nurtured and enriched by the loving memories of Patrice held by our hearts.

j. mayhew



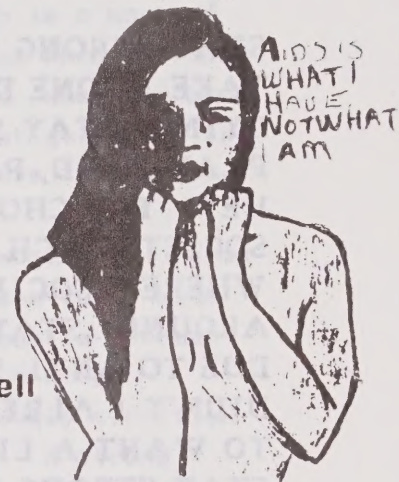
I'M DYING WITH AIDS

I'm sitting up unable to sleep
Its four a.m. and I feel myself about to weep.
There's love songs playing, none of which is dedicated to me.
Potential lovers run the other way, for I am going to die of Aids.
And thats as far as limited minds can see.
Not that I'm insensitive to their fear due to lack of education,
But I wonder if anyone is sensitive that I'm in a sense on Death Row.
Also know as "Health Care Isolation."
If the shoe were on the other foot, I'd react quite different.
I'd provide the Human Contact that you need,
I'd try to make you laugh, and feel cared for,
Until it was time for you to leave.
I wouldn't want to look back later with questions in my heart.
Like... Couldn't I have provided more warmth to your life?
It's too late now.
Now you've gone... I know you'd soon depart.
Oh well, I'm talking about myself both sides of the coin.
It's okay my friend, hey you could of been a friend of mine,
But you chose to go the other way once you found out,
What am I dying of?
I'm not allowed to leave this place, alone in H.C.U.
God! I miss human contact, conversing with Ruby , Brenda, Terry,
Debbie too.
I wish that there were something that I could be, pre-arranged more
people.
To rid me of this lonleiness,
But alone I must remain.
In the day time on occassion I'll see someone from the system.
They're not timed... no they can stay.
But when it's another prisoner, 15 minutes and they're sent away.
When I was just a little girl,
I used to ask the angels to come and take me away, from the
perverts and the beatings.
And make me be alone.
Now history repeats itself, I do the same thing today.
I'm fighting a losing battle in many aspects of the word.
Another Alone night awaits me,
No one to share my feelings with,
For alone I won't be heard.



I'll sit in the chair and drink coffee , smoke lots of cigarettes,
 Have some pabulum and fruit, and deal with Alone once more.
 Alone mixed with tears and thoughts of needing you.
 Why can't someone stay with me between six and nine?
 We could watch the video together or talk of happier times.
 And I wouldn't have to be Alone with my impending death envading my
 mind.

Where has all the compassion gone?
 Don't they know that stress is a big killer?
 Even healthy people have need of Human touch.
 Why is "Not to be alone" asking for to much?
 I'm not requesting a vistor to jump under the covers,
 Exempting one beautiful safe encounter.
 For me there will be no other.



Written by Patrice O'Donnell
 at P4W In Sept. 1990

The International Women's Writing Guild is looking for women who are
 Interested In writing. They are having a conference in the summer
 and it will be offering over 40 workshops in every aspect of writing.
 Special focus will be on Writing, Personal transformation, Mythology,
 Values, Truths and Art. The Guild has published books for 90 of its
 authors in 1990 alone. A highlight segment of the conference will be
 invited speaker Diane Gabaldon, author of "The Outlander." IWWG is a
 network for the personal and professional empowerment of women
 and women everywhere are invited to attend.

For more information please contact; The International Women's
 Writers Guild and, or The 1991 Summer Conference, c/o Hannelore
 Hahn, P.O. Box 810 Gracie Station, New York, NY 100228



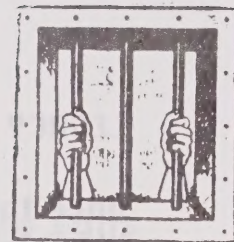
STAY STRONG THEY SAY

STAY STRONG THEY SAY, FEEL THE LONLINESS I FEEL.
TAKE IT ONE DAY AT A TIME, SMILE ACCEPT THE FACT YOU'RE
DYING...STAY STRONG THEY SAY.
PLAY HARD, PAY HARD, PAY YOUR DUES.
HEY! YOU CHOSE TO USE... STAY STRONG THEY SAY
SOCIETY SUCH AS IT IS WILL PAY TO PUT YOU IN THE GROUND.
WHERE'S SOCIETY'S COMPASSION WHILST YOU'RE STILL
AROUND...STAY STRONG THEY SAY.
DUE TO ANTI-SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR, HOUSING TURNED ME DOWN
DIDN'T I ALREADY DO MY TIME?
TO WANT A LITTLE PLACE TO LIVE, IS THAT SUCH A CRIME?
STAY STRONG THEY SAY.
HAVE YOU ANY IDEA THE RISK YOU TAKE, WHEN YOU SHARE THE
SYRINGE?
MOMENTARY GRATIFICATION... H.I.V. THE RESULT OF THE BINGE
...STAY STRONG THEY SAY.
I KNOW YOU HEAR ME BUT YOUR NOT LISTENING.
SO MAYBE YOU'LL BE NEXT TO TAKE MY PLACE...IN SEARCH OF
MEANING.
AS IT GETS HARDER TO HIDE THE PAIN ON YOUR FACE ...STAY
STRONG THEY SAY.
I WON'T LET SOCIETY PUT ME IN A EARLY GRAVE,
AS LONG AS THERE'S A BREATH LEFT IN ME,
MAYBE THERE'S SOMEONE I CAN SAVE... STAY STRONG THEY SAY.
WATCH ME!

WRITTEN BY PATRICE

Prison for Women inmate Patrice O'Donnell says hello to John Leeman of Ongwanada Hospital. Nineteen children visited the Prison last weekend and met with about 50 inmates there.





FOR STRONG WOMEN

A strong woman is a woman who is straining.

A strong woman is a woman standing on tiptoe and lifting a barbell while trying to sing Boris Godunov.

A strong woman is a woman at work cleaning out the cesspool of the ages, and while she shovels, she talks about how she doesn't mind crying, it opens the ducts of the eyes, and throwing up develops the stomach muscles, and she goes on shoveling with tears in her nose.

A strong woman is a woman in whose head a voice is repeating, I told you so, ugly girl bad girl, bitch, nag, shrill witch, ballbuster, nobody will ever love you back, why aren't you feminine, why aren't you soft, why aren't you quiet, why aren't you dead?

A strong woman is a woman determined to do something others are determined not to be done. She is pushing up on the bottom of a lead coffin.

She is trying to raise a manhole cover with her head, she is trying to butt her way through a steel wall.

Her head hurts, People waiting for the hole to be made say, hurry, you're so strong.

A strong woman is a woman bleeding inside. A strong woman is a woman making herself strong every morning while her teeth loosen and her back

throbs. Every baby, a tooth, midwives used to say and now every battle scar. A woman is a mass of scar tissue that aches when it rains and wounds that bleed when you bump them and memories that get up in the night and pace in boots to and fro.

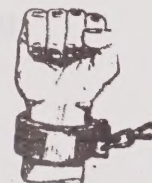
A strong woman is a woman who craves love like oxygen or she turns blue choking. A strong woman is a woman who loves strongly and weeps strongly and is strongly terrified and has strong needs. A strong woman is strong in words, and in action, in connection, in feeling: she is not strong as a stone but as a wolf suckling her young. Strength is not in her but she enacts it as the wind fills a sail.

What comforts her is others loving her equally for the strength and for the weakness from which it issues, lightning from a cloud. Lightning stuns. In rain, the clouds disperse. Only water of connection remains, flowing through us. Strong is what we make each other. Until we are all strong together, a strong woman is a woman strongly afraid.....

Dedicated to my very special
sisters in the Hole

MY STRENGTH IS WITH YOU

BLUE.....



LEGACY OF AN ADOPTED CHILD

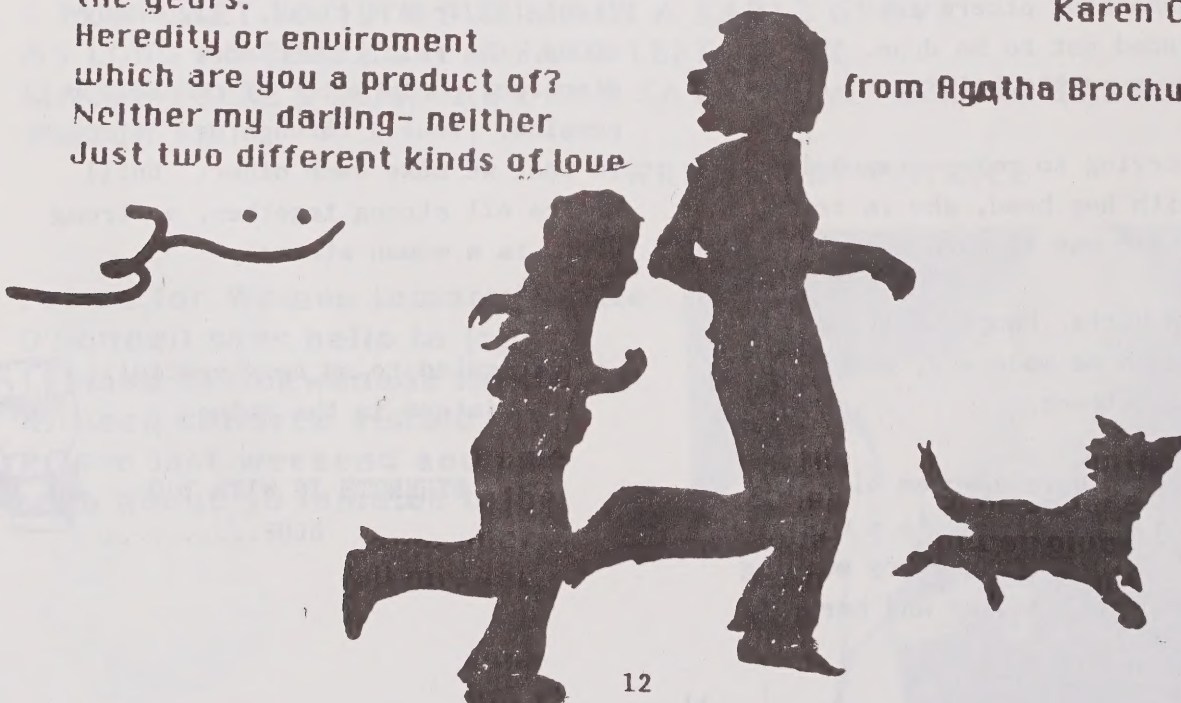
Once there were two women,
Who never knew each other,
One you do not remember,
The other you call mother,
Two different lives,
Shaped to make yours one.
One became your guiding star,
The other became your sun.
The first gave you life,
And the second taught you to
live in it.
One gave you a nationality,
The other gave you a name.
One gave you the seed of talent,
The other gave you an aim.
One gave you emotions,
The other calmed your fears.
One saw your first sweet smile,
The other dried your tears.
One gave you up,
It was all that she could do.
The other prayed for a child,
And God led her straight to you
And now you ask me,
Through your tears.
The age-old question through
the years.
Heredity or enviroment
which are you a product of?
Neither my darling- neither
Just two different kinds of love

FEELINGS

Feelings like not wanting to live.
When you're in a place that
takes and never gives.
Doing things you don't normally
do.
Trying hard to find the real you.
Looking for love and making
friends.
Who'll last until the very end.
Fighting truths and facts and
lies.
Hearing all the people's cries.
Searching for help, but never
telling.
Getting mad and always yelling.
Putting all of your past behind.
Not giving a damn of anyone
minds.
Finding people who really care.
Wondering if they'll always be
there.
Leaving this place on your final
day.
Free to live life your own way.

Dedicated to a Dear Friend
Karen Coruzzi

from Agatha Brochu



PRAYER OF LOVE

Dear Lord,

From the heaven above, please take care of my two sons that I love. I pray that you see that they're alright. Keeping them safe from the evils that lurk at night. I pray that you allow our love to grow and when they're having doubts, please remind them so as I promised you Lord, they mean the world to me.... for I dream of our precious love and all it can be. If you should find them crying all alone at night, please reach down from the heavens and hold them tight. Let them know that they're being lovingly thought of by reassuring them of our never ending love.

Dear Lord, see them through troubled times and long lonely days. Turn their thoughts into loving ways. Help them make it through life's tolls and snares by reminding them I am someone who cares. Never let them down in times of dire need. For if they were to suffer Lord, my heart would surely bleed. Please help them see all that life and love can be. Give them the warmth of the love found deep within me.

I pray these things to you because, they are my precious sons and with your help, our battle can be fought and won.

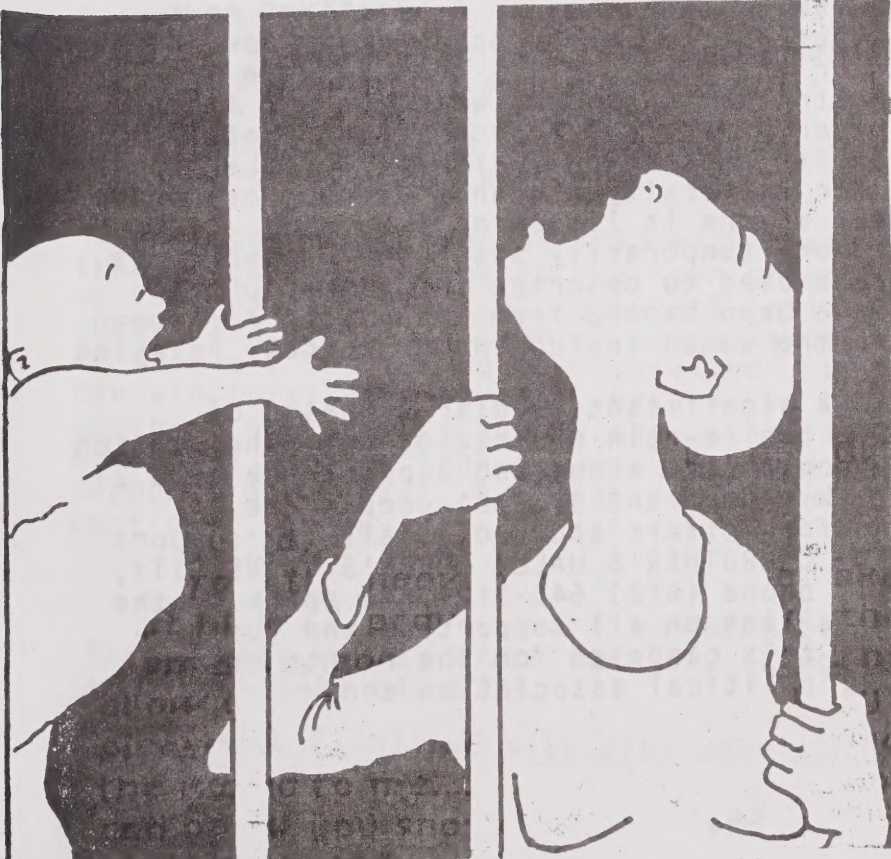
This is dedicated to Angelo and Lorenzo
From Mommy

Christine Sorgente

Mission Statement

Guiding Principles

We recognize that the establishment and maintenance of positive community and family relationships will normally assist offenders in their reintegration as law-abiding citizens.



THROUGH THE WALLS,
Prisoner Support &
Prison Abolition

URGENT: ANNOUNCING THE FORCED CANCELLATION OF "THROUGH THE WALLS:
A RADIO PRISON NEWS SERVICE", CFRC radio, Kingston, Ontario

On Saturday, March 2, the people who program "Through the Walls" were told, by CFRC staff (acting for the executive) that ~~this would~~ the broadcast of that day would be the last for the show. We were told this ten minutes before air-time, when our lead story was the announcement of a "fast to the death" by 10 wimmin in the PRISON FOR WOMEN to begin that coming Monday.

The announcement of the cancellation of the weekly prison news service radio program came without warning, notice or consultation. The announcement comes just a few weeks after "Through the Walls" as an organization began to gain public notice and build as an organization. We had been receiving increased participation from prisoners and ex-prisoners and significant support from among the wimmins' and progressive communities. It also comes at a time when prisoners' struggles have encountered both setbacks and victories, both paid with heavy prices. More than ever, people on the inside need the support of an "outside" media organization that can make the prisoners' voices heard through the din of misunderstanding and the thick walls of silence with which prisons are surrounded. We see the cancellation as a serious setback for the prisoners' movements and a definite loss in the struggle for a decent and free world free of exploitation, violence and institutionalized racism, sexism and class oppression. The cancellation comes at a time in which prisoners are feeling increased repression for their demands for change. Yet, for them and for those of us at Through the Walls, this is a struggle without end until justice is won.

Reasons given for the cancellation?: they range from being too much of an advocacy program, rather than an "objective" news source; of "using" the station for the purposes of our own hidden political "party"; but for the most part -- that we were too "bad" or "rough" on the air (for instance, we "clear our throats on the air", "misread or poorly read" our sources), and that this was compromising the quality of station (which is for the most part, "training ground for university students" whose most common concern is "I don't think anyone is listening").

So, we have been cut, or "temporarily suspended" -- which is, incidentally the same phrase used to describe the situation of prisoners' allies who have been banned from the Prison for Women because they listened to the women inside and spoke out, relaying their story.

Yet, we think that if a significant popular campaign of support is undertaken, we can re-gain our radio spot. The station needs to hear: 1) that people care about and support the show 2) that the show is very much needed and 3) that people are listening. We are hoping for letters and phone calls of support to be made to CFRC RADIO, CARRUTHER'S HALL, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON, ONTARIO KL3M6; phone (613) 545-2121 and speak to the station manager. We are calling on all supporters and justice-loving peoples to join in this campaign for the rights of prisoners' to media time, political association and

correspondence rights. Without the show "Through the Walls", the walls between the prisons and between prisoners and their supporters will rise up again between us. And we know that solidarity is strength.

Over the past two months we have done shows covering:

- 1) the six Aboriginal women who have hung themselves inside Prison for Women over the past 18 months.,
- 2) the resistance which shook the Prison for Women on Feb. 6.
- 3) plans for and the struggle to have, in the face of governmental cancellation, a National Lifers' Conference at Joyceville prison.
- 4) Aids and Aids education for prisoners.
- 5) the "battered woman syndrome" -- women who fight back in self-defense against abusive individuals may have recognized legal defenses.
- 6) the struggle of political prisoners in North America
- 7) prison struggles around unionization, against solitary confinement, for recognition of Aboriginal sprititual rites...

As much as we can, we present materials (news, commentary, poetry, etc..) of prisoners themselves, especially local prisoners. We then distribute these materials to other prisoners' allies and supporters here and elsewhere. We have evolved a "radio free kingston prisoners news exchange". We send out messages from one prisoner to another and orient our music around prisoners' requests and needs. We correspond, talk with and meet with (when we can) prisoners and their families in order to present their perspectives and material. Otherwise, the "divide and rule" between prisons and prisoners and the physical distance between prisoners and their people is what wins out. All we have been saying, and doing, is that IT IS TIME FOR THE COMMUNITY TO START TO TAKE RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT GOES ON INSIDE THE PRISON WALLS, and to not abdicate this responsibility to the criminal un-just system alone.

We began in October of 1990 with a weekly 20 minute spot, and then moved on to a weekly one-hour program on Saturday mornings. We know we have a lot of listeners inside the prisons (including guards and administration !) and outside.

Now, all this is being "cancelled". We need your support. We can win this, we know that, because we believe in justice, in the worth of our efforts and in the integrity of prisoners' struggles. And we know because you have all given us incredible support in the past. But whatever happens, our struggle continues, by any means possible.

JTW

March 2, 1991, the folks at
Through the Walls, 472 Albert St., Kingston Ont K7L 3W3. Call
(613) 544-7742, 549-5733.

WE WILL FIGHT! WE WILL WIN! WORK AND STRUGGLE HAND IN
HAND.



PROPOSED PRISON IN FLORENCE, COLORADO: A "NEW AND IMPROVED" MARION



The United States Penitentiary at Marion, located in Southern Illinois, opened in 1963 to replace Alcatraz, which closed that same year. Marion is the most maximum security prison in the country, the only one with a "level 6" security rating. Marion is also the only U.S. prison that has ever been condemned by Amnesty International for violating the United Nations' Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners. Despite this international condemnation, Marion has become an experimental laboratory and trendsetter for the entire federal prison system.

Since 1983, Marion Prison has been in a state of permanent "lockdown." Prisoners are locked in their cells for 22.5 hours a day, and all standard vocational, educational and recreational activities are virtually nonexistent. The cells are 8' x 10' and contain a tv, bed, toilet and sink. Prisoners are forced to sleep, eat and defecate in their cells. They are also forbidden to socialize with each other or to participate in group religious services. Those who misbehave in their cells (an arbitrary determination made by the guard on duty) may be tied spread-eagle and naked, on their concrete slab beds. At other prisons, a typical lockdown may last several days to a week. However, at Marion the lockdown is permanent, and the entire prison has been transformed into a "Control Unit." The objective is absolute physical and psychological control over the prisoners.

In early 1990 the Bureau of Prisons (BOP) announced its decision to open a new maximum security prison in Florence, Colorado. Marion is no longer brutal enough for them. The prison in Florence will be designed so that one guard can control the movements of numerous prisoners in several cellblocks by way of electronic doors, cameras and audio equipment. "We'll be able to electronically open a cell door, shut it behind the inmate, and move him through a series of sliding doors" says Russ Martin, project manager for the Florence prison. Presently, at Marion, the prisoners can scream to one another from their cells; prisoners have minimal contact with guards when they are shoved food between the bars. In Florence, this "contact" will be eliminated. "These guys will never be out of their cells, much less in the yard or anywhere around here," the Florence City Manager claims. State-of-the-art security technology and new construction materials will ensure near complete isolation. Martin gloats, "Marion learned from Alcatraz, and now we've had 30 years to learn from Marion."

Ground was broken for the \$150 million complex on Saturday, July 14, 1990. The giant prison complex (600 acres) in Florence, a town about 50 miles west of Pueblo, will consist of four different level security units: a 250-bed minimum security facility, a 750-bed medium security prison, a 550-bed high security penitentiary similar to Leavenworth, and a 550-bed "administrative maximum" prison far worse than Marion prison. Two units are scheduled to open in 1992 and the other two in 1993. Rough grading (the leveling of trees, etc.) plans were due in August, and actual construction began September, 1990.

It is estimated that the prison will generate about 1000 temporary jobs to the poverty stricken area and about 750 to 900 permanent jobs. Management positions generally will be filled through transfers and entry-level jobs with locally hired people. Requirements for guards include 3 1/2 years experience, and they must be between 21 and 35 years old, exceptions being made for medical personnel. The average pay for most positions ranges from \$14,500 to \$24,700. The prison will generate an annual payroll totalling \$44 million. Pueblo Community College has capitalized on this opportunity by "customizing" its "criminal justice" courses to suit the needs of the federal prison. The College is trying to work out a deal where students of these customized classes would be guaranteed an interview with the prison.

Despite BOP claims that the purpose of Marion and Florence is to contain violent prisoners, they, in fact, function to control dissidents. Many are sent to Marion because they have written "too many" law suits, participated in work stoppages, or pursued their religious and political beliefs. U.S. Representative Kastenmeier, the head of the Congressional committee that oversees prisons, recently acknowledged the existence of political prisoners at Marion, and said "[they] do not need the degree of maximum security, that in my view, they're subjected to here." Despite his statements, the BOP plans to transfer most of the prisoners at Marion to Florence and increase the "security" conditions at Florence by way of more advanced and high-tech equipment.

In a move reminiscent of the toxic water used to poison prisoners at Marion, the BOP picked an area in Florence that may be equally detrimental for the prisoners' health. Just ten miles away in Lincoln Park

there is the notorious Cotter Uranium Company. A class action lawsuit has been filed in the U.S. District Court, in Denver, Colorado, by over 340 people against the Cotter Co., Santa Fe Railroad and others claiming diminution of land value due to the contamination. The contamination is not just limited to the Cotter site. Radioactive materials were found at the Santa Fe depot near downtown Canon City and a railroad site north of Cotter near the Industrial Park. The railroad sites were used to load and unload substances used and produced by Cotter. A \$15 million cleanup has been under way at the Cotter site and in Lincoln Park since 1988, but does not include the railroad sites. The presence and risks of uranium and molybdenum in the water, soil and air is of immediate concern. No health-risk assessment of the area has been conducted. Another suit is being contemplated, by a Colorado Springs law firm, to hold the company responsible for past damages and health risks.

Additionally, there is Portland Cement Co. which has a history of mining for rocks, to produce cement, and for coal. Industry manufactured dangers caused by milling, mining and other processes related thereto is a subject of future investigation.

Pursuant to a discussion with a Public Relations man from the BOP, Dan Dunne, Florence is in the "design development stage." Designs for the prison have been approved, but remain unavailable to the public until the actual construction begins. He acknowledges the existence of oil wells underground within the 600 acres. He said that the BOP will have to cap those wells. He didn't know if an Environmental Impact Statement (EIS) was in progress or was ever going to be done. An EIS is required under a Federal law called National Environmental Protection Act (NEPA) if one can show that the construction of the prison will have a substantial impact on the environment. The Office of Federal Activities declares that to date only 4 prisons have in fact filed an EIS. This may mean few construction sites were challenged, or some prisons were constructed before this law became effective, or the states or federal government have won their cases when challenged under NEPA. As of yet, there has been no EIS filed with the Office of Federal Activities about Florence. Finally, Dunne stated that the Federal government believes in direct contact with inmates, but this would seem to be contradicted by other officials within the BOP. (Dunne's comments are to be taken with a note of caution - when asked if he knew of any possible health hazards at Florence, as there had been a history of health risks at Marion - he said that that was what the site acquisition process was for, for the purpose of evaluating the site. He had never even heard of any health problems at Marion.)

Residents in the Canon City and Florence area seem to be overwhelmingly in favor of this new torture chamber. Residents managed to raise \$160,000 to purchase the 600 acres for the site; 400 locals gathered for the ground breaking; t-shirts bearing a map of the site that included wind patterns were "sold out" at \$7.99 a piece. Although the enthusiastic attitude by many locals is reprehensible, its hardly a surprise. Actually, the townspeople were given a choice between another University of Colorado branch or a federal prison, and they chose the latter. Ten years ago in the U.S. the general climate was to run prison authorities out of town, but now, due to increasing economic hardships prisons are welcomed with open arms. Additionally, Canon City, just 8 miles from Florence, used to be the home of the Klu Klux Klan before it moved to a town just outside of Evergreen, Colorado. Canon City is currently the home of at least six state prisons. One of these, Centennial, is also in the control unit construction stage - a state model based on Marion, as well.

Control unit prisons are proliferating. In addition to the state run prisons at Pelican Bay, California, Shawangunk, N.Y., and Ionia, Michigan, the BOP is planning an entire new prison in Massachusetts which promises to cost about \$800,000 per prisoner for construction, alone. Sam Calbone, deputy regional director for the BOP, said prisoncrats nation-wide will look to Florence because "this will be a model for other correctional complexes." Newspaper accounts relate that the Florence site will be the first of seven federal prisons to be built across the U.S. in the next six years!

Marion is a violent attack on human rights. Florence aspires to be even worse - an outrage! It should offend the sensibilities of those whose minds have not been poisoned with the foolish and racist propaganda about "the war on drugs" which claims that prisons are the answer to society's ills. It is clear that the BOP wants Marion, and now Florence, as its terror mechanism. People of good will, people who want a society based on true human values, must work to end the lockdown at Marion and prevent Florence from being built!

Committee to End the Marion Lockdown P.O. Box 578172, Chicago, Illinois 60657-8172 (312) 235-0070

To: Chair, Congressional Subcommittee on Courts, Intellectual Property, and the Administration of Justice

NO CONTROL UNIT PRISONS AT MARION, FLORENCE, OR ANYWHERE ELSE!

We, the undersigned, are aware of the following:

** The U.S. prison system, for which the U.S. Penitentiary at Marion is the ultimate prison, incarcerates more people than any other system in the world; that the imprisonment rate for Black people in the U.S. is eight times higher than the rate for white people and is almost twice as high as the rate for Black people in South Africa;

** That it has been proven that prisons do not deter crime nor do they rehabilitate; certainly they do not create a "kinder and gentler" society;

** That Marion, the "model" control unit, has been locked down for seven years, that the men there are locked in their cells, where they eat, sleep and defecate, for 22.5 hours a day;

** That despite claims by the Bureau of Prisons (BOP), Marion does not hold the "worst of the worst" but incarcerates instead dissidents from throughout the system who are hated by the BOP. Such prisoners include those pursuing their religious freedoms, those writing "too many" lawsuits, those participating in labor organizing, and political prisoners. In fact, according to Amnesty International, Marion violates almost every one of the United Nations' Standard Minimum Rules for the Treatment of Prisoners;

** That given all of this, the U.S. government and the BOP are now building more control unit prisons, prisons that will surely be even more brutal and life-denying than Marion. For example, one is currently being built in Florence, Colorado. Florence is an economically devastated town and its almost all-white population will either starve to death or work as keepers in this prison which will contain over 75% people of color. The prison site is also located in the midst of substantial toxic wastes, stemming from uranium milling. The BOP thus far refuses to release plans for the prison but initial statements by BOP spokespeople suggest that this will become the most brutal prison in the history of the U.S. For example, Florence will be the first prison ever built for the purpose of permanent lockdown.

We believe that these control unit prisons are an outrage to morality and human dignity—both for those incarcerated and for those of us in whose name these terror mechanisms are being created. We reject these prisons. We will not have them built in our name. We demand that you end the lockdown at Marion and that you stop and desist with the plans for the construction of the control unit prison at Florence!

Name	Address	City	State	Zip
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Return completed petitions to:
Committee to End the Marion Lockdown
P.O. Box 578172, Chicago, IL 60657-8172 (312) 235-0070

I dreamed I saw a lake, watched it
throw off reflected moonlight
like feather-edged shafts of mercury.
Saw ivory, crimson tinged lilies
like perfumed hands palm upward
in the water, and heard a far off cry.

"Wake," said my husband. "You disturb my sleep."
"I dream," I said "of flying."
"Impossible," said he, "For even a King
of Sparta to fly. And I am not aware
of a shred of evidence anywhere
that indicates women can dream."
"I dream," I said.

The white bird raised an intelligent head
on a long sensuously arched neck.
Black velvet-soft feathers framed his eyes.
I marked his position and began
my silent glide toward the moon
struck surface of the lake.

The night air, heavy with dew
and the seductive fragrance of lilies
parted the redolent thighs
of a waiting, luxuriant lover
before my unswerving descent.

Then preening myself before him,
I danced the ritual. Arching, moving
bowing, turning, I created myself
before him. And took him to me.

"Long," I said, "have I dreamed.
Of flying, of flying and of you."





DOUBLE BUNKING WITH DIGNITY

Every society I know of both allows and encourages its members to excrete waste from their bodies in private.

The Correctional Service of Canada (CSC) seems again to have followed the dubious lead of American prison systems in as much as it has, over the past five years, clearly and firmly incorporated double bunking into its own everyday operation.*

I assert that by forcing two people to share one small (tiny) bedroom-toilet (cell) one necessarily deprives both people of their most basic right to privacy; that of being alone when using the toilet. Although defecation and urination are the principal acts for which I assert one has the right to privacy, I do not hesitate in asking you to consider masturbation in that same regard. Imagine performing all of your bodily functions in a tiny room with someone present.

The first six words of the first of five "Core Values" around which the "new and improved(?)" CSC Mission Document is constructed read:

"We respect the dignity of individuals..."

Since this "new and improved(?)" Mission Document is meant to guide the CSC in the foreseeable future and since it is obvious that within the decision making body of the CSC double bunking has become an acceptable method of keeping prisoners, I cannot help but see the Mission Document as mere humanist propaganda that I suggest is designed to disguise a prison system wherein human considerations. But, I digress. Please allow me to bring your attention back to the topic at hand: double bunking and dignity.

If someone (out there) happens to read these words and thinks one can indeed do both, respect an individual's dignity and deny that individual her or his most basic right to privacy, then I suggest a small, harmless experiment might help to resolve this particular difference in our thinking. I suggest that all such people, CSC policy makers and Mission Document champions among them, take a family member with them when they next use the toilet. Sure, that's the ticket... let's give it a try.

To my fellow prisoners: I understand that "one time" won't give any of these people a clear sense of the embarrassment and the indignation and the humility which accompany one's being denied one's right to privacy. However, I do think that the exercise might do wonders for their collective consciousness. And, if they so what I have

suggested, in a healthy spirit of education and adventure, then I suggest they next try it with a stranger, or a business associate. Alright... I agree; that might be asking too much.

One naturally expects that various wild reactions and situations will result from attempts to do as I have suggested. My only concern lies with the resulting impact on people's thinking as regards human dignity. My educated guess is that people will agree with me: double bunking denies respect to the dignity of the individual. Notwithstanding that agreement, I know there are powerful, well-paid, impeccably dressed and groomed government officials who would rather tear up the CSC Mission Document than support a move to grant prisoners their most basic human right to privacy.

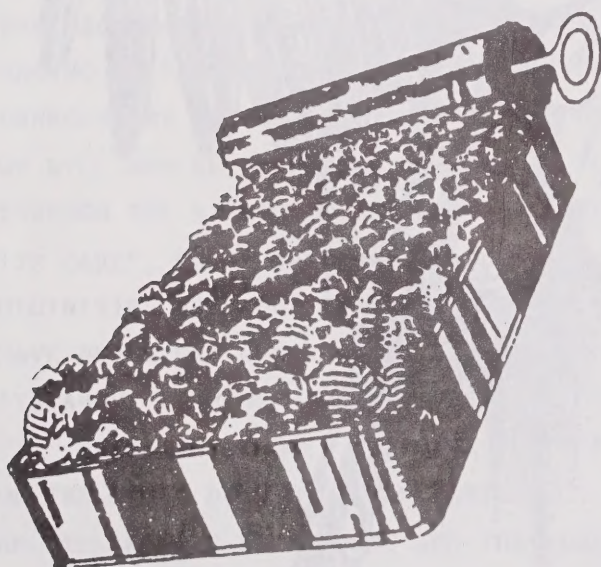
Sincerely yours

Roy Claremin

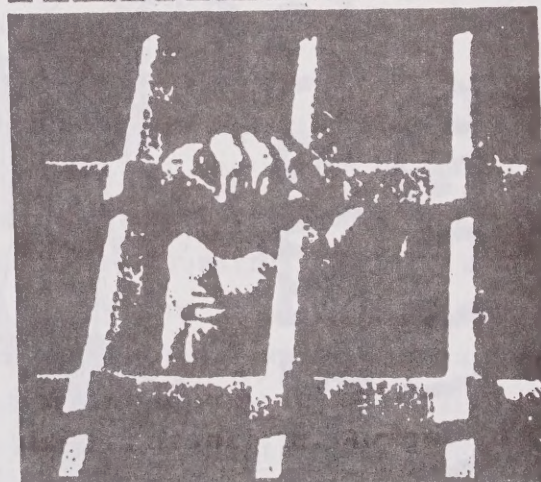
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*The practice of double bunking is not a temporary measure in the Canadian Prison system. It has been in effect for over five years and there is mounting evidence to suggest that it is here to stay.

This footnote is meant to anticipate a possible official response to the contrary from the CSC.



REMEMBER



WE'RE STILL HERE

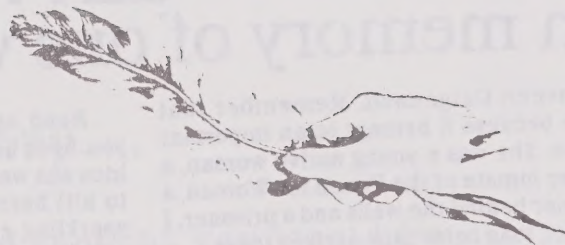
NATIVE



**SISTERHOOD
SECTION**

B. GEORGE '90

DEDICATED TO : CLIFF SUMMERS
PAT WHITEM
ELLEN MOVES CAMP
JEANETTE CHARTRAND



RESPECTED MEMBERS OF OUR NATIVE ELDERS HAVE BEEN ARBITRARILY DENIED ENTRY INTO THE PRISON FOR WOMEN. THUS PUNISHING EVERY ABORIGINAL WOMAN IN HERE THEIR RIGHT TO SPIRITUAL FREEDOM AND GUIDANCE. ANOTHER CLASSIC CASE OF OVERREACTION BY ADMINISTRATION AS WELL AS THE NON NATIVE WOMEN WHO SUFFER ALSO. OUR NATIVE ELDERS WERE ACCUSED, TRIED AND FOUND GUILTY OF SOMETHING THAT THEY WERE NEVER GIVEN THE CHANCE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES ON. ONLY THE CSC ARE AWARE OF THIS EVEN AS THIS IS BEING WRITTEN. THE NATIVE ELDERS STILL HAVE NO IDEA OF THE CONTENT OF THE ALLEGATION MADE AGAINST THEM BY THE CSC AND WHERE THEY GOT THE INFORMATION TO BAR THEM FROM THE PRISON WITHOUT JUST CAUSE. THE EFFECT OF THAT DECISION RESULTED IN:

1. CUT OFF ALL NATIVE PROGRAMS INCLUDING A DRUG AND ALCOHOL , SEXUAL ABUSE GROUP.
2. REMOVE ACCESS TO THE FEW PEOPLE WHO EVER MADE A DIFFERENCE TO US.
3. ARBITRARILY DECIDE WHO WE MAY OR MAY NOT SEE REGARDING OUR SPIRITUALITY.

AND THIS IN THE FACE OF THE MISSION DOCUMENT AS WELL AS THE RECENT TASK FORCE AND AS WELL AS CD770 "SPECIAL NEEDS OF THE FEMALE OFFENDER AND ABORIGINAL WOMEN "

THE RULE OF THUMB HERE SEEMS TO BE "CLOSE THE DOOR AFTER THE FACT". THERE HAS BEEN NOTHING BUT ONE CRISIS AFTER ANOTHER HERE AND THE ONLY PEOPLE THAT HAVE SUFFERED AS A RESULT ARE OUR NATIVE ELDERS AND THE ABORIGINAL WOMEN AND PRISONERS. THE CSC STAND BEHIND THE COMMISSIONER , SOLICITOR GENERAL AND THE PUBLIC WHEN MAKING THESE DECISIONS THAT ARE NOT ONLY BAD JUDGEMENT CALLS FOR THE CSC BUT UNNECESSARY MEASURES AT THE EXPENSE OF THE SOCIETY WE MUST ALL RETURN TO ONE DAY. WE WILL NOT BE OPPRESSED ANYMORE BY THOSE WHO PROFESS TO MAKE BETTER WOMEN OF US THROUGH THE MISSION DOCUMENT "TO RESPECT THE RIGHTS AND DIGNITIES OF THOSE IN ITS CARE", WHILE ARBITRARILY PUNISHING US FOR QUESTIONING WHAT THOSE RIGHT AND DIGNITIES ARE. OUR ELDERS ARE RESPECTED MEMBERS OF OUR NATIVE COMMUNITY AND THEY HAVE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES AGAINST THE ALLEGATIONS OF THE CSC. ITS ABOUT TIME WE HAD AN INDEPENDENT COMMITTEE COME IN HERE AND CLEAN THIS MESS UP.

THIS WRITER DOES NOT HAVE AN OVER ABUNDANCE OF FAITH IN THE TOTAL ACCURACY OF THE MEDIA DUE TO PAST EXPERIENCE . I ONLY PRAY THAT OUR ELDERS WILL BE GIVEN AN EXPLANATION BY THE CSC AND THE PUBLIC AS TO THE WAY THEY WERE TREATED WHEN THEY CAME IN HERE TO HELP US . INSTEAD THEY WERE USED BY THE CSC AND THE WARDEN TO COVER THEIR ASSES REGARDING MATTERS THAT HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE NATIVE SERVICES AT ALL.

IN SISTERHOOD & SPIRIT,
JORDI, ON BEHALF OF THE SISTERHOOD & POPULATION

In memory of one whose voice was not heard

Careen Daigneault. Remember that name because it belongs to an important person. She was a young native woman, a former inmate of the Prison for Women, a prisoner behind the walls and a prisoner, I suspect, long before she arrived there.

Throw away any preconceived notions you may have had about native women. She didn't look much different, her dress was conventional, she was smart, she was energetic. She was no doubt a source of irritation to the native sisterhood and an enigma to the non-native population of the prison because she was a classic example of a person caught between two worlds. She and I had a lot in common. We were both fascinated by the English language, our first names were similar, and we were both very interested in things metaphysical. I was her reading skills tutor for a short time, too short a time because she took her own life.

I noticed things about her that worried me a little. Her person and her handwriting were neat and tidy — too neat, too careful. She had neat, tidy scars on her arms that I pretended not to see. I met with her one day after a bout of slashings among the inmates and was pleased to see that she had no new injuries. I decided she was in good shape emotionally.

Yes, she seemed to be in good shape, except that she had trouble understanding the poetry we read that day. It was about a young farm boy whose parents wanted a better life for him and so pushed him into a career as a bank teller. When asked to describe how he must have felt, locked like a zoo animal in his teller's cage, with all his love of nature and physical strength going to waste, she could only see that he was trying to do a good job. I asked her to think about a bear in a cage and she said she guessed the bear would spend all its time trying to get out. But she quickly changed the subject.

We worked in the prison library, the windows overlooking a small bungalow which the inmates could sometimes book for a weekend to experience normal living for a while. She said she wanted to go there sometime, and that there was a ghost there because an inmate had used her bungalow time to kill herself in privacy. I said I was sure it was a friendly ghost. We had a few extra minutes at the end of our session and she suggested we play "hangman," and laughed uproariously as my hanged person rapidly took shape. When the game was over, she jumped up and took several books on yoga from the library shelf and asked me which one a beginner should read. I was a big help to her in this because I was doing some yoga myself.

Read again what I have written. Do you hear her? I didn't hear her. I had no idea she was telling me that she was going to kill herself. I smiled goodbye at her sparkling eyes that wouldn't quit, eyes I will never forget. The next week I got caught up in some of my own problems and cancelled our session, with the strong assurance that I would return the following week, just so she wouldn't think I had deserted her. The next day she hanged herself.

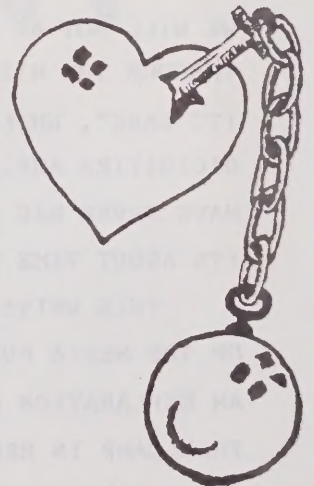
I don't understand what is happening in that prison. I just know that something is wrong. I sympathize but can't really understand the problems of native women. I'm so WASP it's pathetic. But we have to try to understand. We have to listen with open eyes and ears. The system, both in-

side and outside the prison, must be changed because it's killing young women. I have a feeling that Careen never really lived and yet she is so alive to me even now, and I can feel her forgiveness. I can see her laughing and telling me that my problem is that I'm just ignorant.

I'm going to try not to be so ignorant, Careen, and I hope this letter says a little of what you might have said yourself, if life had made it possible for you to be heard.

Corinne Allan
Kingston

*May the warm winds of heaven
blow softly on your house,
and may the Great Spirit
bless all who enter there.
Indian blessing*



Dedicated - to Careen



Dedicated to Johnny.....

Just when I needed you the most and thought you would be there. You left me standing in this world full of despair. The anger, the hurt and pain that it caused. I really wanted to help but felt better to leave things on pause.

Your weakness found a way through the strong shield you portrayed and left me wondering hoping and maybe feeling betrayed.

I love you my friend, we've been through alot. I pray you find your peace and happiness, but why at such a great cost????? I wanted to help you and see you through your rough times but getting involved wasn't an answer of mine.

You're very special and dear and will remain in my heart, although I'd lie to have a chance to say "Goodbye" should you depart.

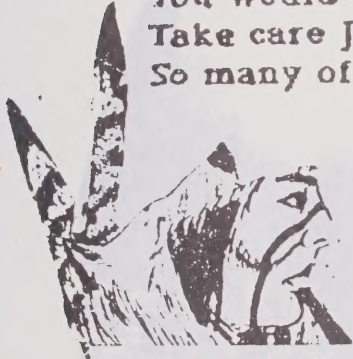
I won't beleive for a second that death is your choice, it was for a momment, but I know it would have passed.

You would have turned to your friends and just have asked.

Take care Johnny and please pull thru.

So many of us love you and our friendships are real and true.

Submitted by Author Unknown



"IT IS TIME THAT WE THINK OF LIBERATION. IT IS TIME TO PRAY FOR THE PEOPLE. IT IS TIME TO MAKE A DECISION ON WHAT WE MORALLY BELIEVE TO BE RIGHT AND WHAT WE MORALLY BELIEVE TO BE WRONG. IT IS TIME TO LIVE BY THOSE MORAL BELIEFS, EVEN IF IT MEANS WE MUST BE UNPOPULAR, EVEN IF IT MEANS WE WILL BE ATTACKED"

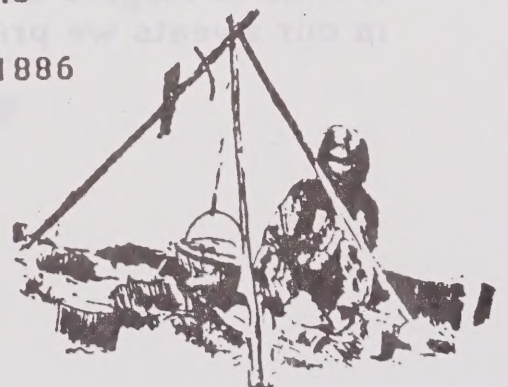
LEONARD PELTIER CANADIAN DEFENSE COMMITTEE

43 Chandler Drive

Scarborough, Ontario

Canada, M1G 1Z1

Telephone (416) 431-1886



SISTERHOOD

I heard the wolf call my name
The scent of timberwood
I realized at that moment I
belonged to Sisterhood.

That natural, spiritual healing
I knew was happening to me
My body inside a prison
My spirit was set free

A sense of direction was
given along with knowledge
too
it was then at that moment
I knew what I had to do.

We all gathered together to
join a circle in prayer
All our thoughts and concerns
A feeling someone cared.

A time to be humble and
realize where we went wrong
A time to share and love
to make each other strong.

A chance to thank the Creator
for our Mother Earth
To release our positive
energies and see what life is
worth.

A time to respect our Elders
listen to what they say
A time to forgive one another
in our sweats we pray.

A beautiful road we can walk
if we stick together
Yes for as long as we live
May Sisterhood last forever.

I heard the wolf call out my
name.
Like music to my ear
It was then at that moment
It brought each one of us near

MIGWITCH

by Toni Brooker





A GENTLE SPIRIT WHO SINGS BEHIND THE WALLS

I grasp my bar's and look with pride out the window.
As I watch my sister's sing with unity in their voices around the drum.

A tear falls down my face as I hear the songs I know by heart.
I may be locked up behind bars but spirit and soul will forever sing those songs.

And even though I'm behind bars, I still have proudness
pounding within my heart.

To the sacred beat of the sacred drum.

My Sisters of our sacred circle,

I shall dance and I shall sing, with you proudly.

Within heart and spirit as one, even when my time is done.



In Sisterhood

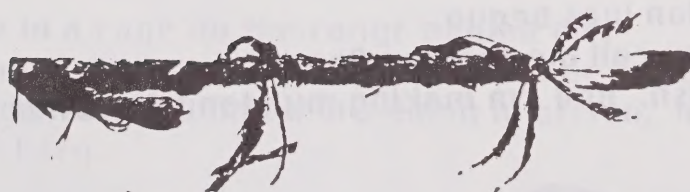
Tamera Papin...Little Running Feather

SCARED

I remember when I saw a ceremony pipe over one hundred years old, it had a medicine bag tied to it. When I saw the medicine bag I felt like people were all around me. The tightness in my stomach ached as the flame on the fire took a change of direction. As looked when I walked away, things were pulling at my mind to look back, but I could not..... I myself was not scared but very, very scared.

Written by Florence Desjarlais

06, 02, /91



GOVERNMENT GIRL

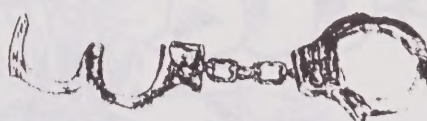
There's a time to listen. A time to watch.
Sometimes you got to hang on to what you got.
There ain't no way in this big, old, world.
You're ~~Gonna~~ change me into a Government Girl.
I love the wind --- I love the sun.
That's how my life it was begun.
And I can't breath the air of the Governments Gun.
Well I am here in prison in a forign land.
This is suppose to be Canada, sometimes I don't know where I am.
I've been looking at the signs across the sky.
Seeing Cruisemissiles fly where the eagle used to fly.
Saw the Governments Gun at Oka in the East.
Heard Elijah Harper, eagle feather in his hand, say "NO", in the West.
I'm caught between two cultures, and for me I know what's best.
Well I was born in Newfoundland, and its about time I took my stand.
For the air I breathe --- For the water I drink.
I can't watch this Government destroy Mother Earth.
There's a time to listen. A time to watch.
Sometimes you got to hang on to what you got.
And if watching out for Mother Earth is wrong to do.
Then I'll go down in bullets because thats what I am prepared to do.
I hear the news across the Nation and it doesn't sound good.
The people are dying from the poisoned food.
This Canadian Country is just a Government word.
I was born a Nation and In a Nation I will die.
I love the moon --- I love the stars.
Don't try to convert me to those white man's bars.
So you got me here, you punished me bad.
The Government took away everthing I had.
But now they try to take away my dignity.
By telling me I can't have the things that are free.
You can't sell the shy,
You can't sell the sun,
You can't sell Mother Earth,
Thats where our Nation was begun.
I am a half breed, they call me Therasa Ann.
Half Mic Mac, half Irish. And I'm making my stand for what I feel is
right.



On the Government people --- They hurt us so bad.
 Tried to break up our Nation.
 Tried to steal our land.
 Did it all in the name of the law.
 That's not the law I know.
 That's not the law I understand.
 The only law I know is living off the land.
 I was raised to live in harmony with Nature.
 We followed the seasons and we were pulled by the tides.
 We offered our Spirits in harmony to our Mother Earth.
 Because that is what the Creator wanted us to do --- To walk in a
 good way.

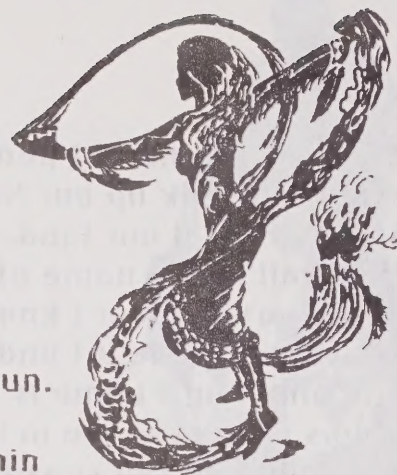


That's why it is so hard to be in prison with bars,
 Where you can't go outside and see the stars at night.
 Cannot pray to Grandfather Sun,
 Cannot pray to Grandmother Moon ---.
 Unless you press your head against the cold steel bars,
 And peer beyond the high grey wall.
 Well I know why my sisters die on the end of a white bedsheet.
 I also know that all I've been listening to are their cries lately.
 It's a result of the Criminal Justice System.
 The power between the public and the scum.
 The Government put them in charge of us,
 And I'm putting the blame where it lies --- In the hearts of those who
 only want revenge.
 Justice will never be served if its intent is only to punish.
 What about coming to prison and losing everything you ever had?
 What about your family left out there in Society who are suffering so
 bad?
 What about the right to be Human which they try to claim?
 The Government is playing a very dangerous game.
 I look out the bar covered windows as another winter snow falls on
 the Earth.
 I feel the chilly north wind play in my hair.
 I see the polluted smoke from the white mans progress fly across the
 sky...
 And someone in a cage on the range behind me,
 Dumped from her bed, white sheet around her neck and almost die.
 And the reason Native women are dying in prison, makes my spirit
 troubled and I cry.



There's a time to listen...A time to watch.
 Sometimes you got to hang on to what you got.
 There ain't no way in this big, old, world.
 You're gonna change me into a Government Girl.
 I love the wind.
 I love the sun.
 That's how my life it was begun,
 And I can't breathe the air of the Governments Gun.

Written by Theresa-Ann Glaremin



This is dedicated to all my Sisters behind the walls of the Prison for Women. It doesn't matter what religion you are or what higher power you believe in we are all Human Beings. I believe in the ways I was taught as a young child before the Government people took away our land and put me in a Catholic school. I was taught to always walk in a good way with everything around me and not to let things take me out of harmony with nature. I hope you all remember me for this when it comes time for me to go. All I did was be here and to show from the kind of person I am that I am very proud to be who I am and I walk with my head up high and I always tried to walk in the good way. That's all I want of you to remember about me, That I walked in harmony with those around me and did whatever I could to maintain that balance with Nature, and the Sisters

Feb. 6 / 91

LIFE AND DEATH

I sit here watching the fire burn as the logs call me for help while the last breath from them is pushing out. You can hear the crackling of their skin as the flame scorches it to death. I feel for the wood as it dies slowly. The rain pours for the wood as it tries to help but does not make it. The sun shines for the, because the wood has given it life for someone to survive. I can remember when I cut the wood, how it screamed as it cracked... That though is the situation of life and death.



TO THE MEMORIES OF OUR SISTERS.....

When asked to right something for Tightwire about Lorna, my feelings were some what mixed.

She and I were not close friends, but I admired her determination.

She had the ability to laugh when others would have broken down and cried.

Many times I tried to imagine the utter frustration she must have felt being unable to do things that the rest of us take for granted.

Yes I lost my patience sometimes and now there is nothing I can do about it. Except perhaps to be kinder to my sisters in the future.

Perhaps there is only one true choice left to us at times. Consider that every other aspect of our lives is monitored and controlled.

Sometimes it seems as though our whole world is falling apart and there appears to be no end to the pain.

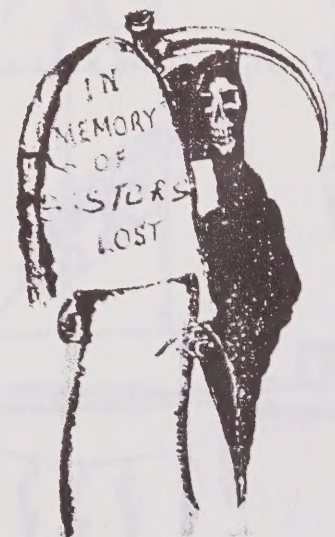
I think we have all felt this way at one time or another. But it does pass.

I urge my sisters to reach out when things appear to be bleakist.

Have faith for this is not true reality. Only a rest stop. After all
.....THAT WHICH DOES NOT DESTROY ME.....STRENGTHENS ME.....



In Sisterhood- Jordle



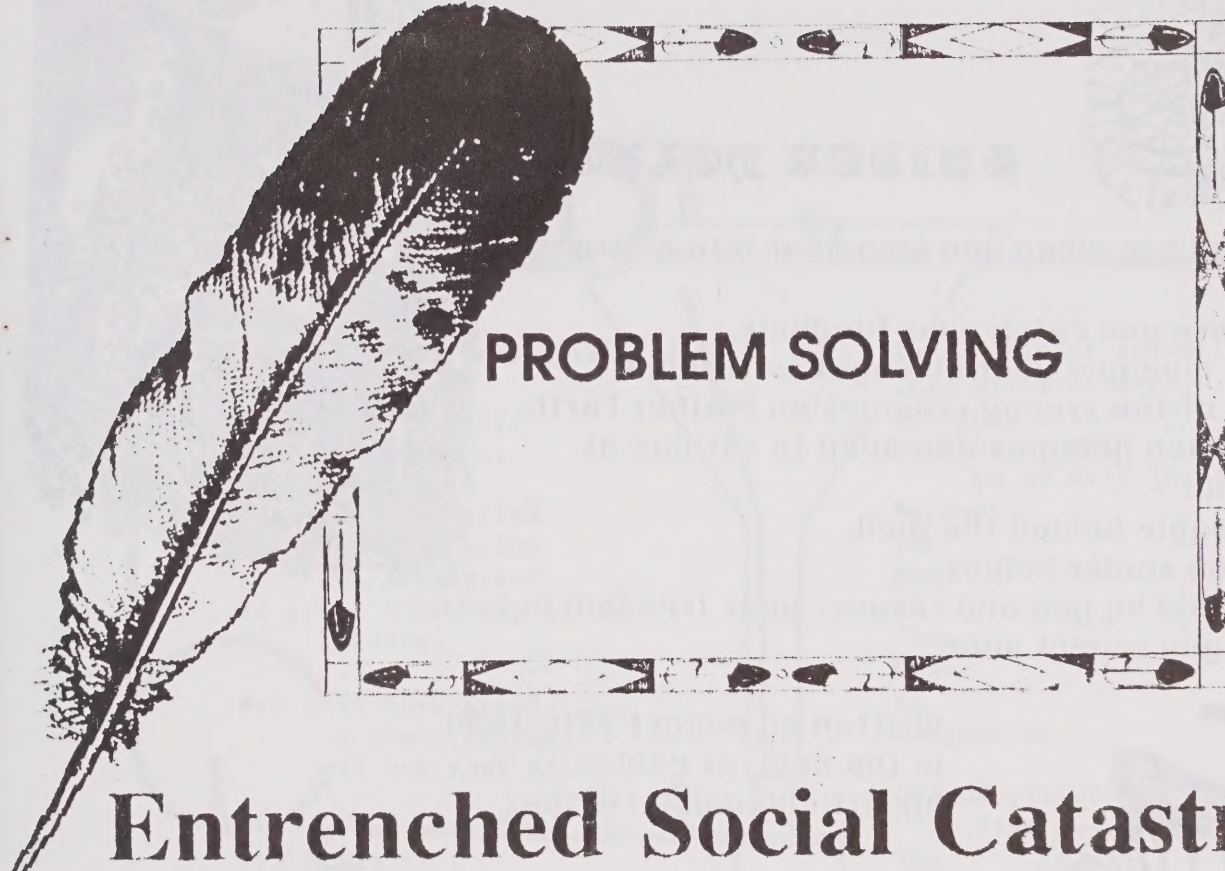
TO SUE WITH LOVE

MY SOUL MATE.

I found beauty and love
Within Prison Walls
A gift from our Creator
That makes me stand tall.
His wisdom profound
His compassion unlimited
He knew that I needed so
His gift was uninhibited.
I had it down pat
I could walk alone
My faith in my sisters
Was at an all time low.
How He must have smiled
At my lonely resolutions
When all along HE.....
Had the solutions.
For not one but two
Of His children were drifting
And with infinite love
He repaired the rifting.
This gift is so precious
So rare and so true
I love you my darling
And I trust you too.
So it must be fate
Cause God makes no mistakes
Forever my dearest
You are my soul-mate

Your's unto Eternity- Jordi





PROBLEM SOLVING

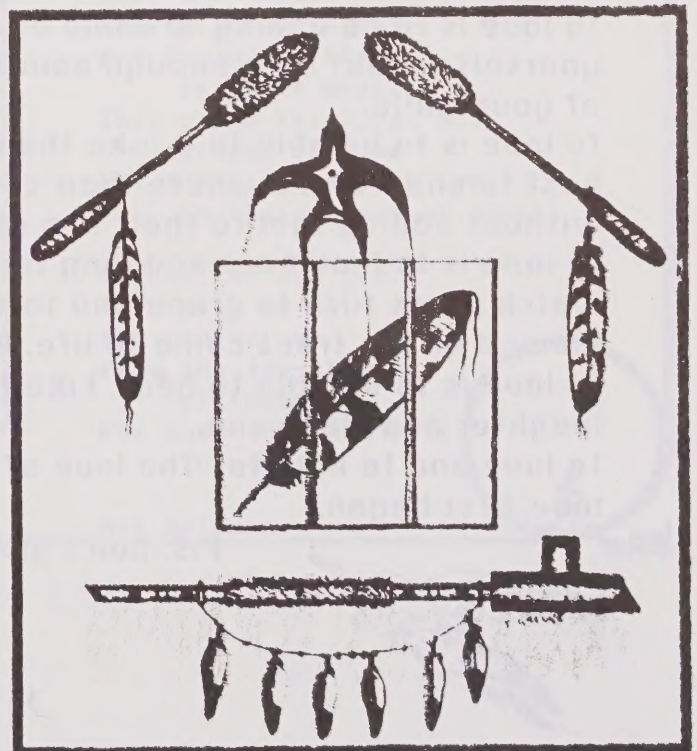
Entrenched Social Catastrophe

Native Women in Prison

BY FRAN SUGAR

Native people lead the *KKK*ountry in statistical categories such as unemployment, alcoholism, early death rates from infant mortality, violence and criminally related activities. According to a recent study by Trent University, the Dangerous Offenders Act, Bills C 67 and C-68, Native people in the criminal justice system are more likely to be gated under this bill, and therefore are deemed the most dangerous and most violent offenders in Canada.

Native women face double, triple and quadruple standards when entering the prison system. Number 1 is because we are women, number 2: we are Native, number 3: we are poor, number 4: we do not usually possess the education necessarilly equivalent to the status quo.





SPIDER HELPER

The beauty I see when you spin your into a strong angle.

To make sure you catch your feedings,
Which will give you your strenght to survive.

Oh, helper of the creepy crawlies on Mother Earth.

Keep that web going as you need to survive as
much as I do.

In this struggle behind the wall.

Stand by me spider helper.

As I will stand by you and respect your freedom in here.

As I know you repect mine.



Written on August 29th 1990

in the hole, at P4W

by Little Running Feather

TO LOVE

To love is to take your hurts and still be able and willing to care for
another.

To love is to be willing to smile even though you don't feel it within
yourself to, but care enough about others around you to give the gift
of your smile.

To love is to be able to a take the verbal abuse of others and try your
best to understand where their coming from and listen and walk away
without adding fuel to their fire or on your own.

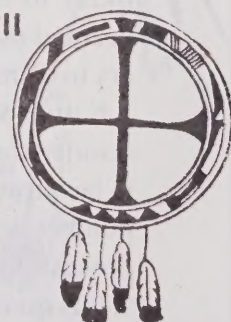
To love is to look hard and long for what beauty can still be seen. To
watch grass turn to green and to smell the fresh cut smell of it
mowed or the trees come to life. A warm summer breeze.

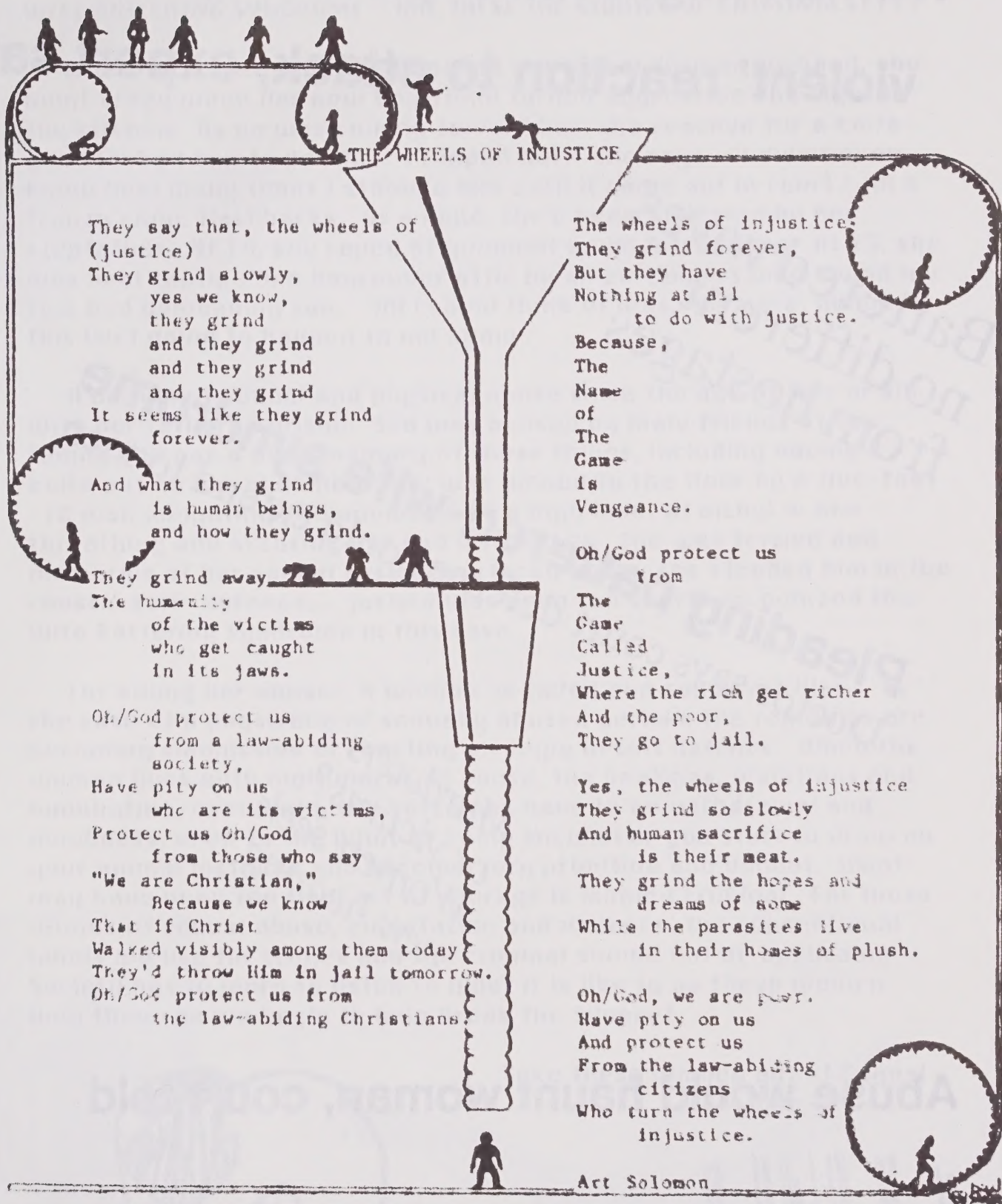
To love is to be able to hear. Like the singing of the little birds or
laughter and clean sun.

To love and to hold to. The love of all loves os our Creator. Where all
love first began.

P.S. Don't give up ever.....I love you

Written by Shirley Eagles P4W





THE WHEELS OF INJUSTICE

They say that, the wheels of
(justice)
They grind slowly,
yes we know,
they grind
and they grind
and they grind
and they grind
It seems like they grind
forever.

And what they grind
is human beings,
and how they grind.

They grind away
The humanity
of the victims
who get caught
in its jaws.

Oh/God protect us
from a law-abiding
society,
Have pity on us
who are its victims,
Protect us Oh/God
from those who say
"We are Christian,"
Because we know
That if Christ
Walked visibly among them today
They'd throw Him in jail tomorrow.
Oh/God protect us from
the law-abiding Christians.

The wheels of injustice
They grind forever,
But they have
Nothing at all
to do with justice.

Because,
The
Name
of
The
Game
is
Vengeance.

Oh/God protect us
from

The
Game
Called
Justice,
Where the rich get richer
And the poor,
They go to jail.

Yes, the wheels of injustice
They grind so slowly
And human sacrifice
is their meat.
They grind the hopes and
dreams of some
While the parasites live
in their homes of plush.

Oh/God, we are poor.
Have pity on us
And protect us
From the law-abiding
citizens
Who turn the wheels of
injustice.

Art Solomon

**Woman might have 'primitive,
violent' reaction to attack, expert says**

**Battered wives
no different
from hostages**

Pleading battered-wife syndrome
Doctor says court defence could extend to men

**Murderers
or victims?
Women seek
new hearing**

Abuse would haunt woman, court told

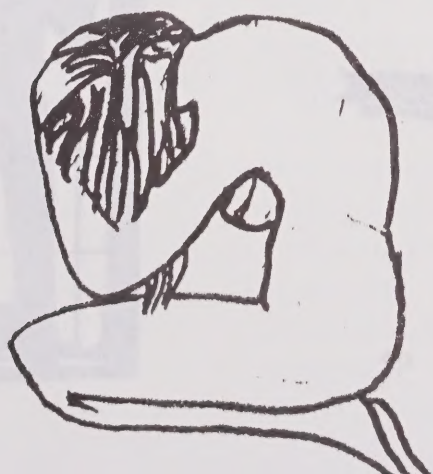
Female killers driven by past abuses

WIFE BATTERING SYNDROME - ARE THESE THE STORIES OF CRIMINALS????

Raped as a teenager and punched out by her former husband, she went crazy when her new boyfriend turned aggressive one night in the kitchen. As he was coming toward her, she reached for a knife and stabbed him to death. "I flipped out," she says. "I didn't even know how many times I stabbed him until it came out in court." In a frenzy came flashbacks. As a child, she'd been molested by her stepfather. At 14, she raped at gunpoint while hitchhiking. At 15, she was held captive in a Vancouver attic by an ex-convict who bound her to a bed demanding sex. "All I could think of was, 'No more, no more. This isn't going to happen to me again'."

A victim of sexual and physical abuse since the age of five or six. With her father in prison. She was abused by male friends of the family and has a vivid memory of those things, including having a knife put on her abdomen. She was pinned to the floor by a five-foot - 10 man weighting 180 pounds with a high level of alcohol in him threatening and accusing her and hitting her. She was terrified and memories of her sexual assault surfaced again, she stabbed him in the chest... self-defense.... justice was done the courts recognized the Wife Battering Syndrome in this case.

For killing her abuser, a woman is jailed and called a Killer." In the case of a physically or sexually abused person, the reactions are becoming submissive or reacting strongly in self defence. When the woman lives with nightmares of abuse, the beatings, violations and humiliation, eventually the outcomes have to be withdrawal and numbness, even to the point of being suicidal or you start to draw on your animal instincts and become very primitive and violent. What may have been the final act of courage is labeled criminal. For these victims of sexual abuse, exploitation and violence, the conventional labels we use for crimes and the criminal should not be applicable. Society has to learn to listen to what it is like to be these women. Only then can we begin to help Break The Silence!



Take these Women out of Cages!

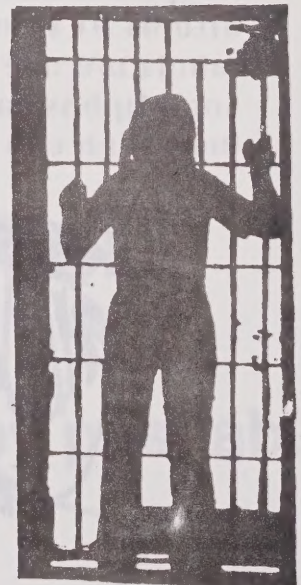
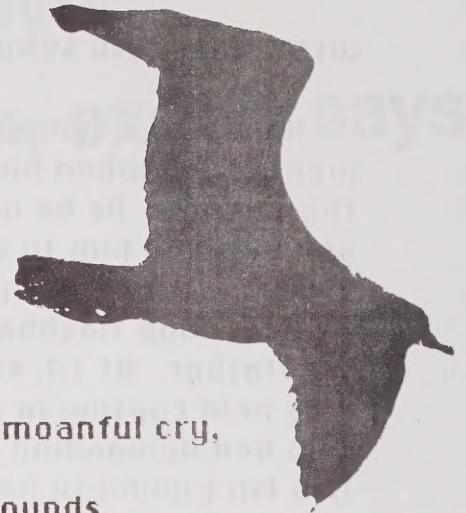
Blue



SEA GULLS DON'T CRY AT NIGHT

The cry rang out into the night.
My heart beat fast, I turned out the light,
The screeching cry of a sea gull caught in a trap.
You could feel the pain in the loud cry for help.
After I jumped from my bed I realized....
Sea gulls don't cry at night.
I went out to the hall to see,
A fellow prisoner, a girl named Eileen,
With throat cut open wide her mouth gaping the moanful cry,
Of a trapped sea gull.
The blood flowed freely from the self inflicted wounds.
I ran to the bathroom, threw up, ran back to my room.
Where I turned my radio up loud to drown out the cry.
Later when they had taken her away...
I turned off my music and cried into my pillow.
Thinking she must have really been in agony to slash her throat.
I was awakened on the morning by the cry of the sea gulls.
I closed my window at once.
I never want to hear that painful sound.
Because it reminds me of Eileen.
I never want to hear that painful sound,
It reminds me of the blood flowing all around.
So I wake up now most every night,
Sweating in my bed, waking up in fright.
Seeing the red of blood in my dreams.
Feeling my nerves break apart at the seams.
Not eating and when they call us for meals...
Going to vomit because that's how it feels.
For one who has seen a fellow prisoner slash her throat...
And hear the cry for help like the cry of the sea gull...
Trapped and in pain.
I never want to hear the sea gulls cry again.

By Thersa-Ann Glaremin....P4W





JOHNNY

She was always something special
Diamonds shinnin' bright in the rain,
Everybody dreams of angels,

No one will ever know how much
We love you so,
Now it all seems Funny; Kinda like
A dream... things ain't alway what they
seem . What a scare What happened to
Johnny.

You are always in our thoughts, Shinnin' like a
Summer day in the Sun. But ...

Slowly wishes turn to Sadness and Time don't
heal your broken gun, We wish you "never
Let Go, even now we don't want to know, Cause
it all seems Funny, Kinda like a Dream, things
ain't always the same, What a Scare What
happened to Johnny.

Now your breakin' hearts here in P.A.W.
But we still hear your laugh on the range
And Still think of you at Night... but I
guess you'll never know, how much we miss you
So Now it all seems like a Dream, things
ain't always what they seem, What a Scare..
What Happened To Johnny? !

Love n miss ya!

"R- Range And Baby- Burn- Out."



PRISONS

Inmates win right to vote federally

But once again Ottawa considers appealing ruling by Federal Court

By STEPHEN BINDMAN

OTTAWA/Southam News

Thousands of prisoners across the country have won the right to vote in federal elections.

A Federal Court judge has struck down, as unconstitutional, a section of the Canada Elections Act that prohibits inmates serving sentences from casting ballots.

Mr. Justice Barry Strayer, in a decision released late last week, ruled that the law was an unreasonable restriction on the right to vote guaranteed to "every citizen of Canada" under the Charter of Rights and Freedoms.

But the federal government is considering appealing the ruling because courts in Ontario and Manitoba upheld the same law shortly before the 1988 election, said Justice-Department lawyer Meg Kinnear.

"We're left with inconsistent judgments on exactly the same issues after the judges heard virtually the same evidence," Ms. Kinnear said in an interview.

The voting law was challenged by 37-year-old Walter Belczowski, who was serving a life sentence for second-degree murder in Alberta, but has since been released on parole.

Under the Elections Act, inmates serving a sentence in any federal prison or provincial jail cannot vote, regardless of the length of their terms.

The prohibition does not apply to inmates who are awaiting their trials or who are on parole.

In his ruling, Judge Strayer rejected the "dubious" suggestion of the federal government that the right to vote should be restricted to citizens who are "decent and responsible."

"It is arbitrary in singling out one category of presumably indecent or irresponsible citizens to deny them a right which they otherwise clearly have," wrote Judge Strayer in his judgment.

"It is self-apparent that there are many indecent and irresponsible persons outside of prison who are entitled to vote and do vote; on rare occasions some even get elected to office.

"On the other hand, there are many lawbreakers who are never charged with offences and a high percentage of those who are never imprisoned.

"Those who have been identified among the indecent and irresponsible by a sentence of imprisonment do not necessarily become decent and responsible upon release, although their voting rights automatically arise again."

Judge Strayer also said the restriction is arbitrary because it applies to inmates no matter how serious their crime and whether they actually get to vote may depend on the "fortuitous" timing of an election.

"Thus someone in prison for two weeks for non-payment of parking fines could lose his vote for four years because his sentence happens to coincide with a federal election.

"On the other hand, someone sentenced to prison for five years for fraud or sexual assault, and released on parole after three and one-half years, might never miss the opportunity to vote." Shortly before the November 1988 election, a former Ontario biker challenged the no-voting law, but an Ontario Supreme Court justice ruled it was a reasonable restriction on the constitutional right to vote.



*Reynolds
The Toronto Star
March 22nd/1991*

That ruling is being appealed to the Ontario Court of Appeal later this year.

A few days later, the Manitoba Court of Appeal overturned a ruling, by a judge in that province, which said the Elections Act provision was unconstitutional.

Federal and provincial inmates in Newfoundland, Quebec, Manitoba and Ontario are allowed to cast ballots in provincial elections.



Women from P4W complete training in peer counselling

By PENELOPE HUTCHISON

Women in crisis in the Prison for Women now have someone to turn to: their own peers.

Six women were presented with graduation certificates on Thursday for completing an intensive training session that prepares them to provide support and counselling for women in crisis. A small crowd of people gathered to congratulate the group of women, known as the Peer Support Team, for the months of work they have been doing since they began their training in March.

"It's a little bit of magic in the Prison for Women," said Jan Heney, a support team co-ordinator.

The six women who graduated, all of whom are inmates at the Prison for Women, graduated are Brenda Blondell, Bobbi Kidd, Rosa Echeverria, Kas Fehr, Harriet Giesecke and Johnny Neudorf.

The ceremony took place in the hallway of the Prison for Women. Guests spoke informally about the ground-breaking work being accomplished by the peer-support group.

"These women are real pioneers," said Andrew Graham, deputy commissioner of the prisons. "They are agents of change of the most profound sort."

"I'm very proud of these women, for the special things they've done for this prison. They have faced many challenges and come out on top," said Prison for Women warden Mary Cassidy.

"It's an opportunity to show that no matter what, people still have love inside them," said Rosa Echeverria, one of the graduates. The program was inspired by a report done by Ms. Heney on self-injurious women two years ago. The report focused on the rates of self-injury in the prison system, why it happens and questioned staff and inmates on helpful ideas to improve the support available to women. Ms. Heney used rape crisis centre models to develop the structure of the Peer Support Team for the prison.

"It's based on the fact that women have strength and knowledge. They can share things, and lepathologize a crisis, so it's not



MICHAEL LEA/The Whig-Standard

Bobbie Kidd (left), Harriet Giesecke, Brenda Blondell, Rosa Echeverria and Kas Fehr

viewed as a sickness. Things happen in our lives, and we naturally respond to some of them by being upset," Ms. Heney said.

The training has been a challenge for both the trainees and the staff of the prison. Initially, many staff were skeptical about a peer-run program but the will and energy of the women won them over.

The women volunteered for the program, going through a selection

procedure. Selection involved screening each woman in an interview to make sure she could handle various situations. A committee then checked for any security and psychological concerns that might arise during crisis counselling.

"The training was quite intense," said team co-ordinator Julie Darke. The issues dealt with can be emotionally difficult to deal with and there's a need to work through them during the training."

The training was squeezed into a period of five weeks, with two three-hour sessions a week. The women had homework outside of class that included readings from the training manual designed by Ms. Darke. Topics covered in the sessions included violence against women and children, child sexual abuse, substance abuse, self-injury, suicide intervention, women and anger, self-esteem, self-care, and general counselling.

"It's a hard course to go through," said Brenda Blondell, who chairs the support team. "I came from a Beaver Cleaver house. I didn't know anything about sexual assault, incest, battering. This course has been really enlightening for me."

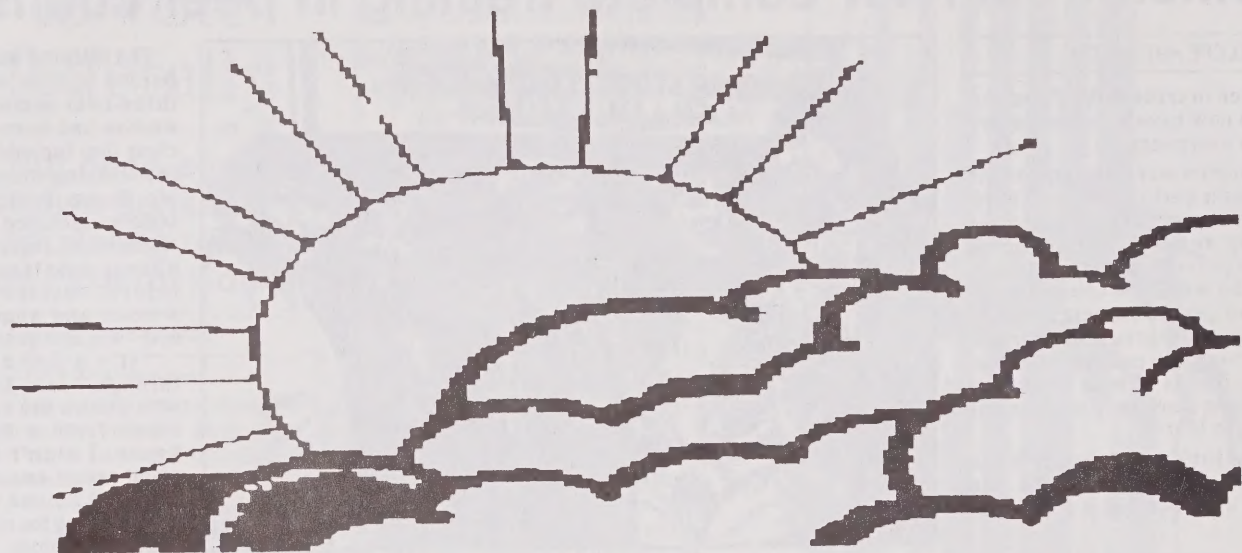
Eleven women began the training program but for various reasons five of the members left, three of whom were paroled earlier this year. The six women left are incredibly supportive of each other, an important part of the group's dynamics, said Ms. Blondell. Each woman has learned skills useful not only in supporting other women, but skills that are useful for their own lives.

A second group is already in the process of undergoing peer support training. Their graduation will be in the next few months. The Peer Support Team is an ongoing program and will eventually be run by the volunteers themselves, said Ms. Darke.

PEER SUPPORT ONCE AGAIN SUCCESSFUL

One more time we have a graduation class, the second team whom completed the counselling training this week are once again a success story in the P.4. W. It's been a long struggle for the women behind the walls to implement this program, and with great success we have made a difference in making sure women are safe. Graduating on this team are Ruby Baird, Tracey Mcrae, Joanne mayhew and myself. As a member of this team, I can't say enough about the good the team has done in this place in the past and how proud I am to now be a member. I only hope in the future the whole population is involved and we all will have a chance to heal

May All Our Dreams Come True - Blue Foley





Le Secret

Poete, connais-tu cet oiseau
matinal
Qui retrempe sa voix aux
souffles de l'aurores?
Il est temps d'aller voir
l'eveil du jour royal
Qui pose son pied nu dans le
matin sonore.

L'allouette la-haut t'annonce
le retour
Du soleil et des fleurs qui
gentiment te rient,
Entre les pas dorés des
aiguilles du jour
Qui tournent longuement au
cadran des prairies.

Tu cueilles lis en fleur et
rose en bouton
Brindilles des sentiers et tige
de verveine
Tu tresses ta corbeille et
mele ta moisson
Pour la jeter ensuite en
bouquet par la plaine.

Tu rêves repandus en poèmes
fleuris
Nous chantent les saisons
leurs morts et leurs survies
Et les teintes du ciel et les
ombres des nuits
La jeunesse qui change en
vieillesse assouvie.

Moi je viens t'écouter, Poète
revenu
Qui me dit ton amour à
l'ombre du vieux chêne
Dans ce bleu crépuscule ou un
cœur inconnu
À me le tendrement sa chaleur
à la tienne.

C'était, t'en souvient-il? au
declin d'un jour d'août
Tu t'es penché sur le miroir
d'un beau visage
Et ton sourire pur, si
troublant et si doux
Refletait un secret dont tu
gardes l'image.



Soumis par:

Agathe Brochu

Toutes Pour Une

Elle me dit quand le temps est passe

Mene-moi par la main
Vers d'autres femmes que moi
Vers des amies plus banales
Au vif de la ressemblance
A la certitude d'être

Ne suis-je pas toujours seconde
Ou la dernière ai-je les yeux
Moins absents que cette autre
Mon Coeur est-il plus invisible
Mes mains sont-elles moins timides

Mene-moi vers la vie
Au-delà de cette grille de barbelée et de barreaux
Qui me sépare de moi-même
Qui divise tout
Sauf la terreur que j'ai de moi

Danielle Redmond



Seule

Je suis seule ce soir
Seule
Un spasme de silence dans la gorge
Seule, les yeux au Ciel
Un sommeil excessif sur les yeux
Seule avec une chambre de février
des barreaux implacables a la fenetre
un plafond couleur d'indifference
Seule sans froid
Seule ailleurs deja nulle part peut-etre
Seule comme on est au monde apres tout
Rien Jamais n'y changera ni personne
Quand la vie sera moins mauvaise
Tu ne seras pas
Tu es parti Tu es venu
En moi comme je fus en toi

C'est ainsi.....

Danielle Redmond



THINK HOW FAST TIME WILL GO

THE ROOM IS DIMLY LITE
SMOKE FILLS THE AIR
ALONE IN THE CORNERS I SIT
OFF INTO NO WHERE I STARE

I WONDER HOW YOU ARE
AND WHAT YOU MUST BE THINKING
TO ME YOUR LIKE A FALLING STAR
THAT'S HOW I'VE BEEN THINKING

I MISS YOU MORE THAN WORDS CAN SAY
ALWAYS I DREAM ABOUT THE DAY
WHEN YOU'LL GET OUT AND COME BACK TO ME
HOPEFULLY WE'LL BOTH BE FREE

IT'S LONG FROM NOW AND THIS I KNOW
BUT THINK HOW FAST TIME WILL GO



TO A MOTHER FROM HER DAUGHTER
BY ANGEL WOODCOCK.....17YRS. OLD

Human Warehouse

As I walk through the iron gate. I'm full of anger and full of hate.
The walls are high and made of stone. The silent air has an erie tone.
The screws have haggard silent faces. Of their doings they leave no
traces.

The iron doors are shut and sealed. That's when reality hits... for real.

As I walk down the dingy stairwell. I'm full of thoughts like I'm going
to hell. The faces here are solid as if made of rock. The tomb like
drum is sealed and locked. The silence is worse, here in my cell. My
thoughts are confirmed I've gone to hell.

So many sleepless years have passednow. To live life on the outside, I
don't know how. This human warehouse has kept me in chains. The
memoreies of the digger brings so much pain. The grisly sights that
I've seen, hardened my face, now haggared and mean.

As I walk through the iron gate. I'm full of anger and hate...

By Angel Woodcock

LETTERS

We are all responsible for brutalizing P4W inmates

I am moved to write about the current situation at P4W. "Moved" is the correct term; my pain and sorrow at the terrible product of conditions in that place — women dead and dying, cutting themselves to vent their pain, participating in "riots," despite the predictable consequences, to vent their anger and frustration about their situation and being gassed and set upon by dogs as a result — is great.

We, as citizens of this society, have delegated to the prison system the responsibility for dealing with offenders. But responsibility for that system ultimately rests with us: our taxes pay for it, and we ask for that job to be done. It is most comfortable for most of us, myself included, to assume that the system works, that all of those dark areas are being "taken care of" adequately and appropriately by those at Correctional Services Canada.

In view of what we have been hearing about and seeing concerning events at local prisons, especially at P4W, it is clear that this is not the case. We really don't know what has really been happening inside the walls; all reports we get are filtered through the biases of whatever interest group is reporting.

It is time for our politicians to step in and create a truly open examination of the problems in that prison. One set of questions that presents itself is: where was the warden when all this was going on? Was she consulted about how to respond? Did she make herself available to her staff and the inmates? If not, why not? What is the planning to do about her problems, aside from suspending programs for native women? If she can't control her institution better, and create a less destructive atmosphere for the inmates, why does she not resign and make room for someone else to try?

Another set of questions that arises relates to the citizens' committee, which exists at this prison. Where is it? What is it doing? Why do we never hear its voice demanding changes in the way P4W runs? Has it been blind to the growing evidence

of serious problems among native women (indeed all women) at P4W? What is it in P4W that is silencing the very voices that should be raised to help us to see what is happening inside the walls? There are a great many other questions that need answers, and it needs to happen now, before we lose any more sisters to the despair and hopelessness that has destroyed so many already. The need for these necessary steps does not in any way negate the need for immediate moves towards closing P4W as a women's federal prison, and the move towards smaller regional centres. After so many recommendations, it must be clear to all concerned that that step must be taken.

I do not condone murder, robbery, assault, or any other serious crimes that these women are convicted of perpetrating. I don't know any of the women inside those walls and have never been there myself. But I can still see that they are my sisters. I can still grieve for their pain and loss. I can still feel outrage at the brutalizing, dehumanizing regime that pushes them to such extreme expressions of their pain. And I guess I must take responsibility for it also, ask hard questions, push for reforms, demand answers. Can anyone do any differently?

Caroline Yull
Stella, Ont.

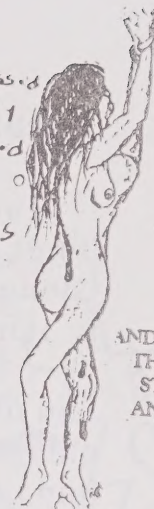
INTERNATIONAL WOMENS DAY

I'd like to thank the International Women's Day Committee for letting me speak on behalf of the Women in Prison. It was a powerful rally and alot of needed words were spoken. I'm proud to have been apart in voicing the oppression that women have had to withstand in this present structure of our society. I hope that with every word spoken there is a change to replace it.

Staying Strong- Blue

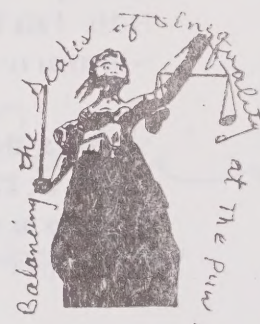
Oppressed
By Set
Oppressed
By
STATS

AS
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R



THERE ARE
THOSE
WHO USE
AND ABUSE
AND ENDANGER
THE REST
OF US

AND THERE ARE
THOSE WHO
STAND UP
AND FIGHT.



"SERVES YOU RIGHT TO SUFFER"

If I could say I'm sorry,
What would I have to say?
Living with your silence,
Is a price I'll have to pay.

You would give, and give, and
give
And I would take, and take, and
take,
Your face in my mind,
Is something I can't shake.

I said I'd always be there,
I said I'd always care,
That you'd be the only one,
With which my soul could share.

So now you leave me sit,
Uncertain and unaware,
Wondering where you are,
Wondering if you care.

If I could bare my soul to you
Let you read my mind
A love for you as always,
Is what I know you'd find.

You were my inner strenght
Everything I'd ever want
Now I'm left alone
Memories of you - to haunt.

Serves you right to suffer
I can actually hear you say
As I've said before
It's a price I'll have to pay.

I hate to leave things unfinished
A knot left undone.

Something you won't face
When it's easier to run.

I guess I did the same
Playing with your head
Leaving you to wonder
Leaving things unsaid.

If I could take back the hurt
And erase all the shame
Start things all over
Would they ever be the same.

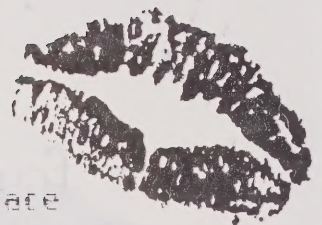
Could you ever love me
With that passion and agression
Did you ever love me
Or was I just a possession.

I've made so many mistake
Bad judgement bad state of
mind
A man such as you
Was a once in a lifetime find.

So please don't hate me
As I'm so afraid you do
There was really only one
And that my dear was you.

I know it's hard to imagine
As I treated you so unfair
What's it like to want
What's it like to care.

I'm not sure I know
How to love or how to care
If I could only start over
With you I'd wanna share



Want to share my days
 Lots of love and lots of walks.
 Want to share my nights
 Lots of love and lots of talks.

You see I never saw
 What beauty you saw in me
 Still running from myself
 Still trying to be free.

You see I've got my own prison
 Four walls in which I live
 To find a crack in them
 My life to you I'd give.

These walls consist of
 emptiness
 Anger, frustration and sorrow.
 Maybe things will change
 Maybe I'll find tomorrow.

Till then I'll keep on looking
 Searching and denying
 Till then I'll keep on running
 Empty inside - dying.

I can still hear you say
 "Serves you right to suffer."
 I can still hear you say
 "Watch out it just gets rougher"

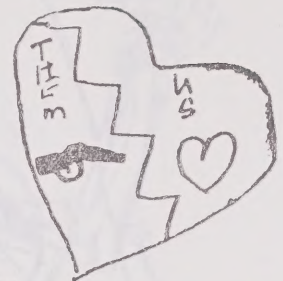
So you go your way
 And I will go mine
 Just remember always
 Our souls were once entwined.
 -Serves ya right to suffer baby-



Tracy. M.

HM>

I watch everyone, you know,
 Especially the powerful,
 How they speak.
 How they bully.
 I see,
 Moral order of animals,
 Like us,
 Is impossible.
 You feel within yourself the
 beast,
 On occasion,
 I am sure
 Innocent, cunning,
 Clumsy, brilliant,
 Good and bad,
 You and me.



Submitted by Roy Glaremin

MISSION STATEMENT

GUILDING PRINCIPLES

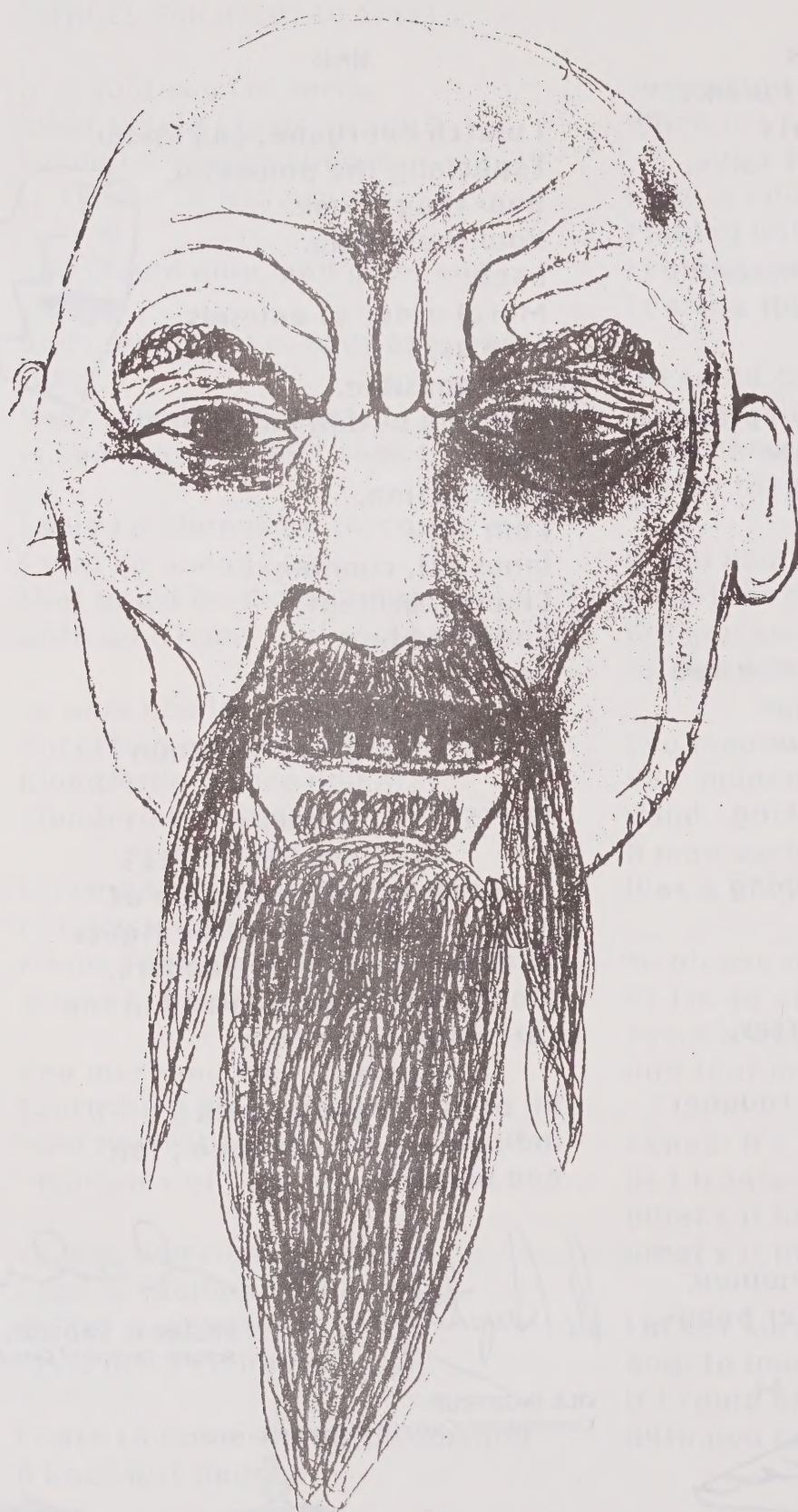
As we respect the rule of
 law, we will respect the rights
 of all individuals- offenders,
 staff, and those involved in the
 correctional process.

All of our dealings with
 individuals will be open, fair
 and humane.

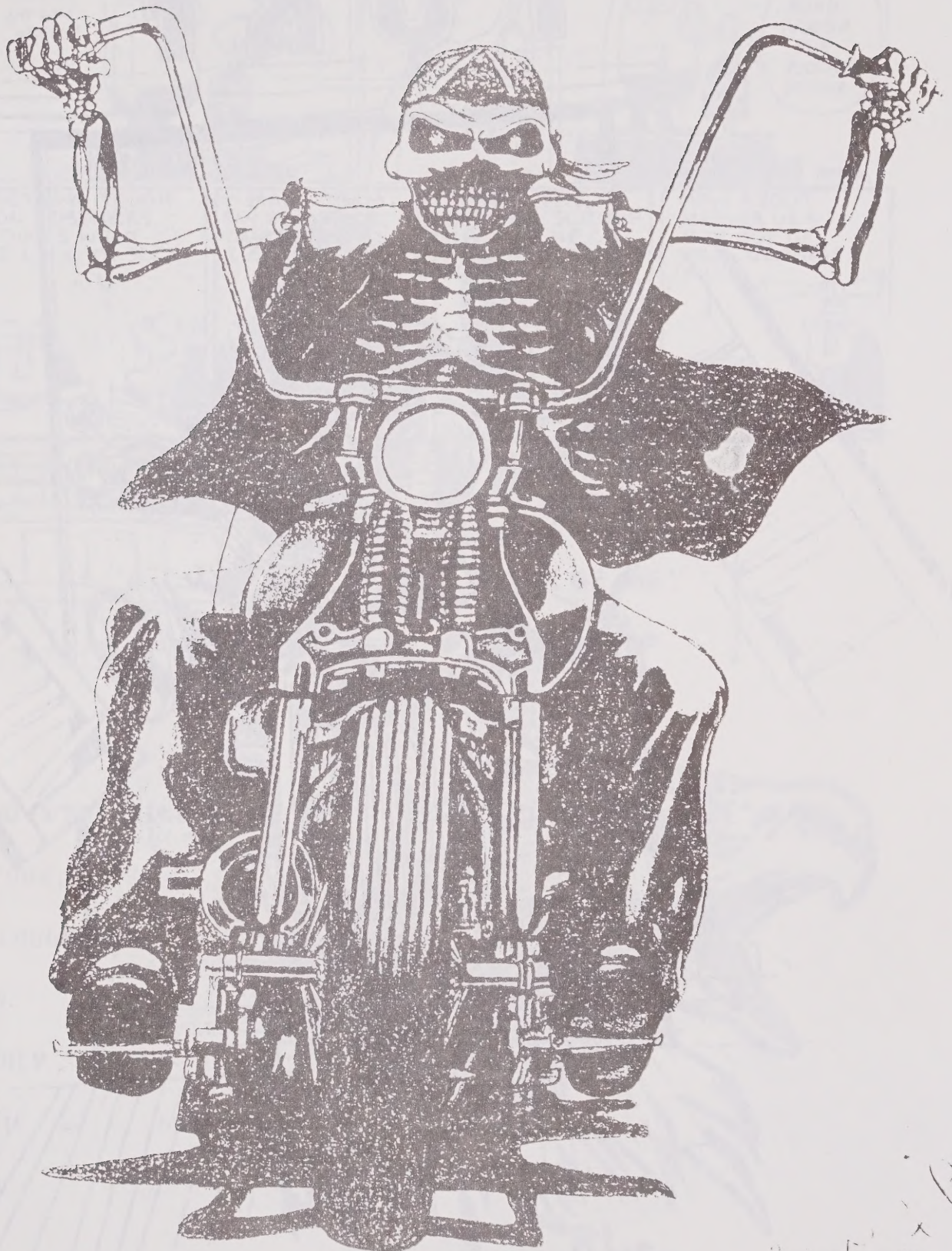
OLE INGSTRUP
 Commissioner Correctional Service Canada

PIERRE H. CADIEUX
 Solicitor General of Canada





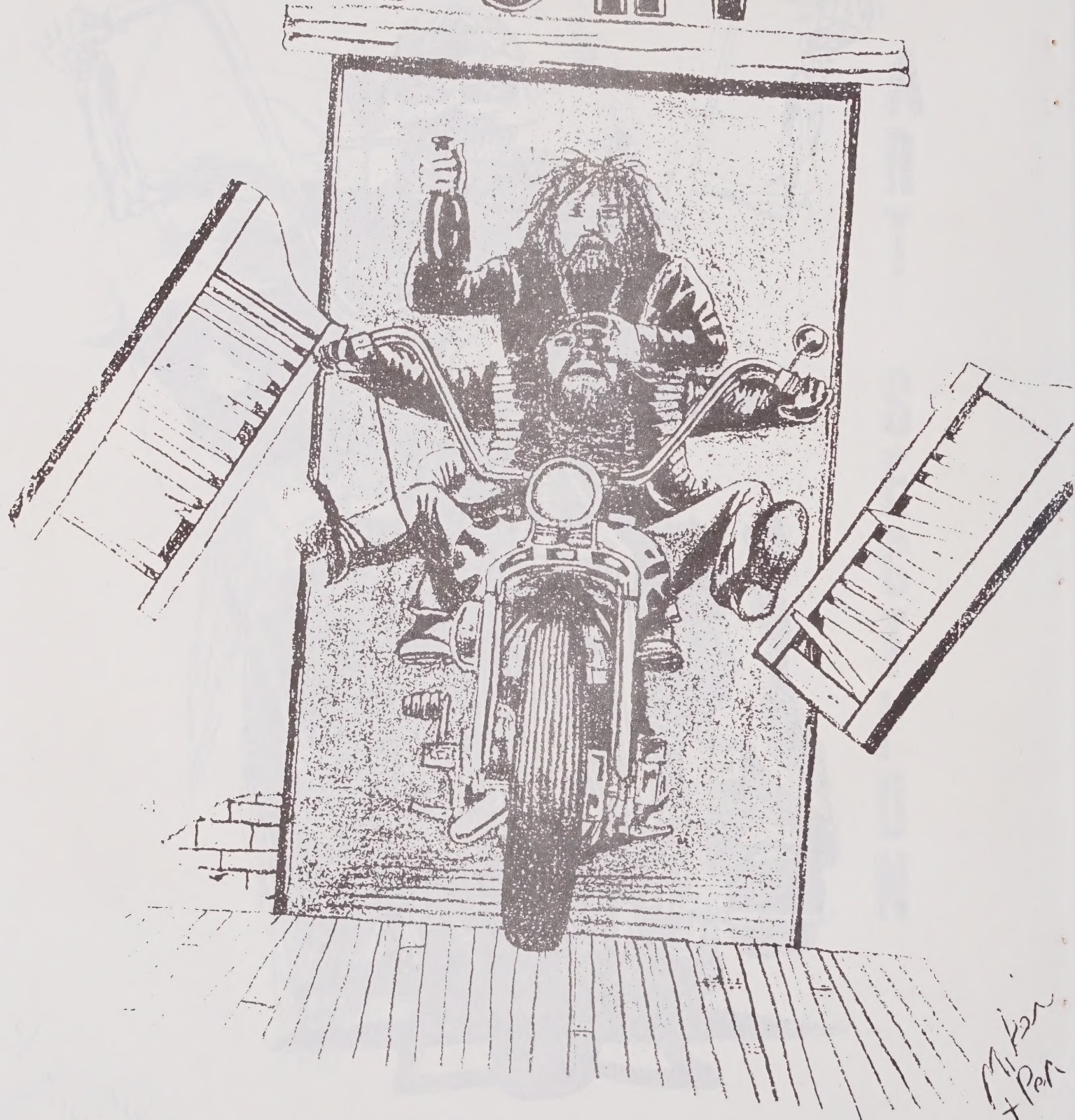
ART SECTION



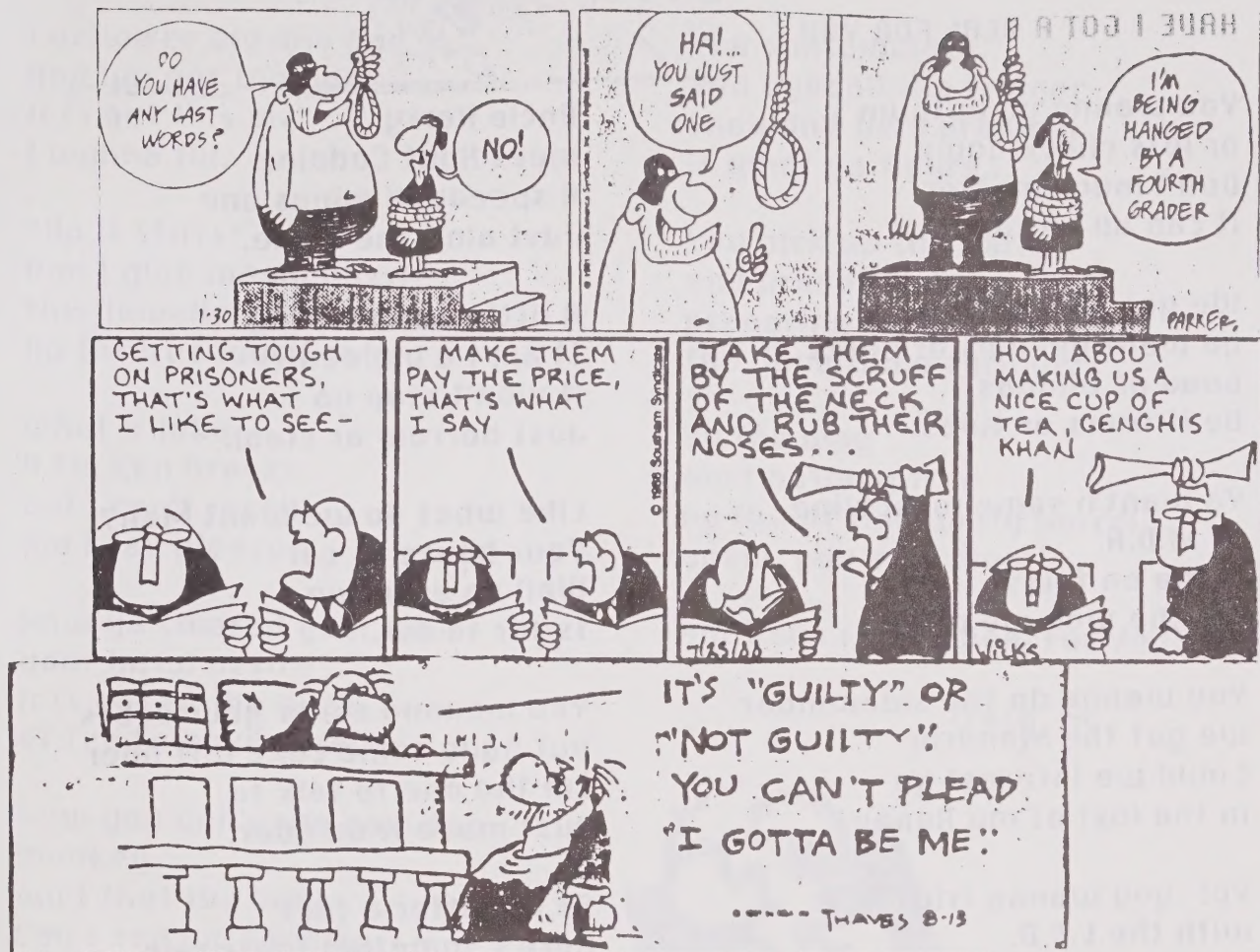
1984
1984

the

TURF



M. J. P. 1981



MY MIND IS OUT THERE

IN THE PARK.

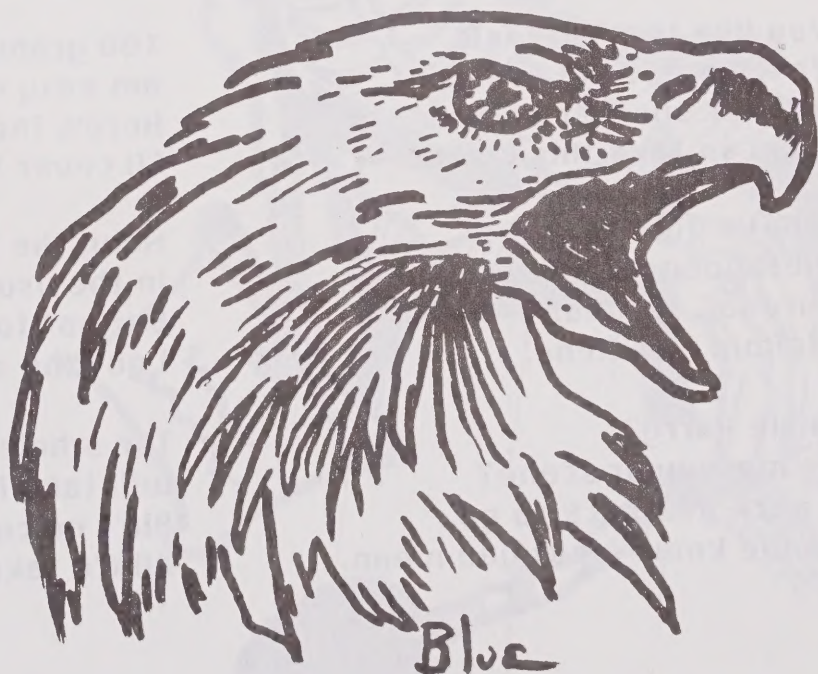
PEOPLE LAUGHING

PLAYING.

I HOPE THEY

DON'T TRIP

OVER IT!



HAVE I GOT A DEAL FOR YOU

You wanna go uptown
or lets check down
Don't much matter
it can all be found.

We got valiums
ya want yellows or blues
Good ol' Diladas
Be it fours or twos.

Ya want'n some mesczline
or M.D.A.
Come on folks
it's the way we play.

You wanna do the sidewinder
we got the Mandrix
Could we interest ya
in the last of my Kanax?

Yo! you wanna trip?
with the L.S.D.
How's about checking
this Poppy Tea???

You like the "go fast"
Ya - we got the speed
And for another double
You can take this Weed.

What's your fancy
Methodone ? or Morophine?
Furenol, Seconal
Mmmm - Codiene.

Uncle Harry?
He more your scene?
A pack of smack to go..
Ya we know what you mean.



Uncle Harry
meet Aunt Codaine
A speedball minus one
Just ain't the same.

A little broke today
It ain't a big deal
It won't stop ya
Just borrow or steal.

Like what do we want Man?
Your house or car
Well no extreme
Is far to far.

You wannna cover your debts
but have some cake left over
I'm the one to talk to
Just move it on over.

As a matter a fact
Here's somethm thats fair
Do me a favor
And we'll call it square.

100 grand worth of jewellery
am easy deal
Here's the iron
I'll cover the wheel.

Now, the heat will respond
In the usual manner
but not to worry
I got the scanner.

The whole score
will take less than five
Ain't no copper
Who'd take us alive.

Cuz we're big and bad
And we got the mix
lets get this on
I wanna fix.

"Up it Stiffs"
Don't glue me no hassle
this jewellery I'll buy me
An Intervenous Castle.

What a joke
A Fucken breeze
but I can't recall
Did I say please?

Now ya cleared your debt
your Inital desire
lets get to the buzz
of feed'n your wire.

Now you don't see past the
monkey
ain't that the livin
Can't see past scorin
A dope induced prison.

Ya had it with this
And ya had it with that
husslin for the habit
Hey that's where it's at.

Fuck this shit
say your farewell
On the table
you eye the barrel.

Fuck this shit
your brains now mud
Who cares about another
drop or two of blood.

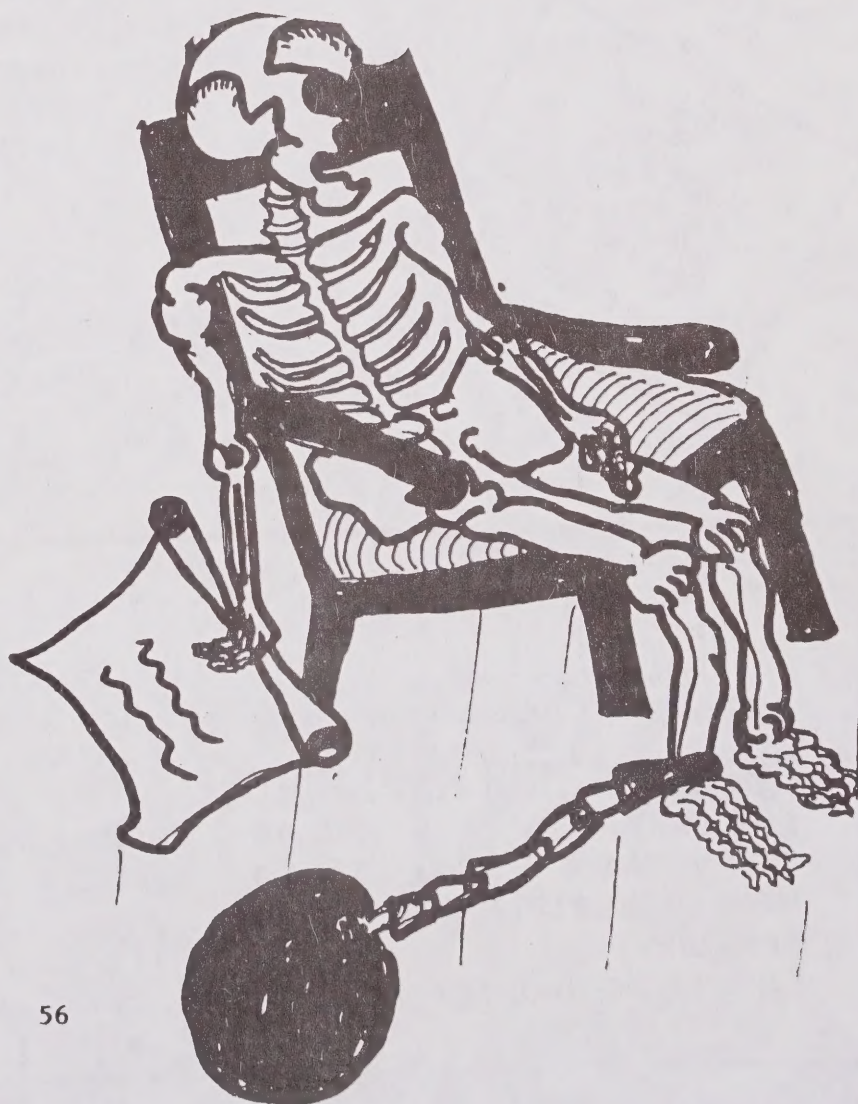
You contemplate
and eyeball the trigger
Shouldn't be a problem
Is what ya figure...

You pick up the barrel
and bravely cringe
preparing to fire
The dope filled syringe.

By the way
ain't nothing free
by the of the empty barrel
again, you owe me.

But Have I Got A Deal For You!

Tracy. M.

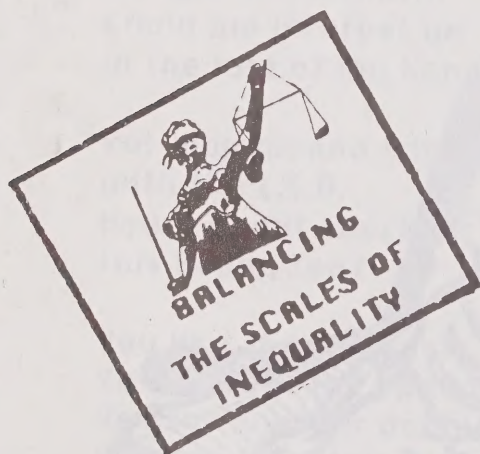


tightwire

IMPORTANT

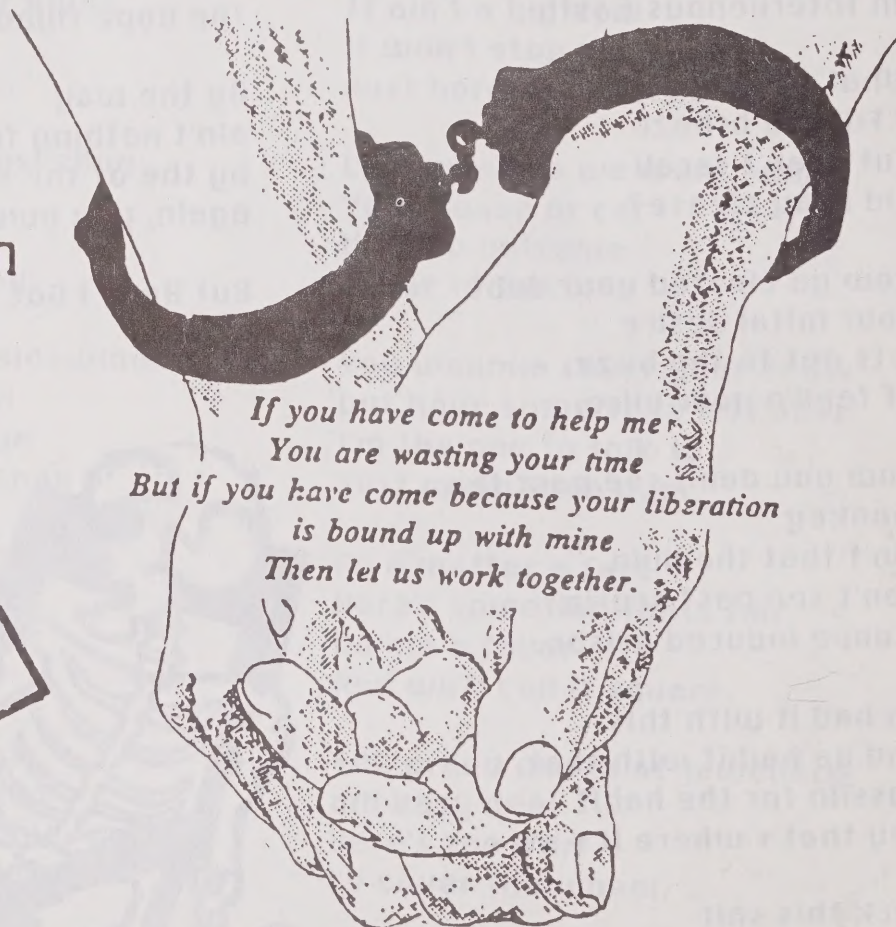
WE NEED

YOUR
PAID SUBSCRIPTION
TO SURVIVE !



7.5

If you have come to help me
You are wasting your time
But if you have come because your liberation
is bound up with mine
Then let us work together.



SUBSCRIPTION

SEND MONEY ORDER AND BOTTOM
PORTION OF THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM

CHECK WHICH APPLICABLE

ONE YEAR

\$10.00

NAME _____

TWO YEARS

\$18.00

ADDRESS _____

NEW SUBSCRIPTION

RENEWAL

CITY _____

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THANK YOU !



Art Work by Shane Hansen

FREEDOM,
I DON'T KNOW YOU
I'VE HEARD YOUR
NAME SPOKEN
IN SILENT DREAMS,
IN SILENT SCREAMS,

JUSTICE,
I WAS BUT A CHILD
WHEN I HEARD
THEM WHISPER
YOU HAD DIED.

Dedicated to
Rene'



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